

Leslie's Weekly Has a Staff of Its Best Artists and Writers on a Fast Yacht at the Seat of Possible War Operations. Watch Their Work!

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# LESLIE'S WEEKLY

ILLUSTRATED

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BETTER RAGS WITH HONOR THAN PATCHES WITH DISHONOR.



## LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

ARKELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, Publishers and Proprietors.  
No. 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

APRIL 21, 1898.

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## SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY desires to be in communication with representative newspaper men in every part of the United States and of the world, those who would be willing to furnish special information regarding matters of special interest in their respective localities whenever it might be required. The editor will be glad to receive communications on this subject from responsible persons.

## Prizes for Commercial Travelers.

THE Commercial Travelers' stories, which have been printed from time to time in LESLIE'S WEEKLY, in competition for our offers of a prize of fifty dollars for the best story of from one hundred to five hundred words, and one hundred dollars for the best story of from five hundred to two thousand words, is getting very interesting as June 1st—the date of the close of the contest—approaches. We shall publish fresh installments of these stories from time to time as opportunity and space permit, and invite commercial travelers throughout the world to send us their most interesting experiences and take a chance in the competition.

## 'Trying to Do Right.'

THE people of the United States will not rest satisfied with anything short of the freedom of Cuba, but we must exercise the patience that becomes a nation at all times, and especially at a time when it is under the stress of abnormal excitement.

The President speaks with plainness of the Cuban situation. It is manifest that he realizes the frightful portent of the struggle that the insurgents are making, and the awful nature of the sufferings they have endured. He looks forward to such a solution of the difficulty as will eventually give the Cuban people the independence they have fought for with splendid bravery and remarkable endurance. He believes that Time—that great arbiter of the affairs of nations as well as of individuals—will point the way clearly to a settlement of the question, and his words indicate that, given the time and the opportunity, nothing will be left undone that he can properly do to give to Cuba its long-looked-for release from Spanish thralldom.

The President is trying to be right and to do right. Upon him rests the fearful responsibility of a distressing situation fraught with untold possibilities for good or evil. It is a situation that he has not created. A mistake or blunder that would bring to the nation humiliation would be charged against him as much as a triumph would be set down to his credit. Let the people accept the President's words in a spirit which neither belittles our patriotism nor reflects upon our patience.

The President is trying to do right. Let us all try to be right.

## General Harrison on Unjust Taxation.

A YEAR or more ago, in a public address in this city, Bishop Potter struck a chord that vibrated deep and long when in eloquent language he denounced the wicked extravagances and other abuses of wealth, and uttered a solemn warning of the direful consequences that would surely ensue to the republic if this tendency were not checked. The same note was struck in the more recent report of Comptroller Roberts, of this State, in which he pointed out, in language unusual in a public document, the glaring injustice of a scheme of taxation whereby certain classes of valuable property escaped the tax-lists. More recent and still more notable was the address of ex-President Harrison before the Union League Club of Chicago upon the obligations of wealth, in which he dwelt chiefly upon the inequalities of a system whereby the rich are enabled to escape their just proportion of the burdens of public taxation.

That gross and glaring inequalities exist in the matter of tax apportionments in this country has long been recognized and deplored by all thoughtful and observant men, and the abuse has been the subject of much general denunciation, but never have the abuse itself and the peril of it been set forth in such strong terms and with such depth of feeling as by the ex-President.

General Harrison dwelt upon the obligations of wealth to contribute its share of the expenses of government. Evasion of taxes of any kind he declared to be not only unpatriotic but criminal. "No casuist," he said, "can draw a sound moral distinction between the man who hides his property, or makes a false return to escape the payment of his debt to the State, and the man who conceals his property from his private creditors." Again, he likened the man who fraudulently conceals his tax-bearing property to the common pickpocket. He failed to see any moral distinction between the two. He referred to the fact that in New York State the proportion of personal property assessed for taxation is only about twelve per cent. of the

total amount of property taxed, whereas it should be at least one-half. He paraphrased President Lincoln's saying by declaring that this country cannot exist half taxed and half free.

This sense of inequality, he said, is breeding social discontent, creating class differences, and storing up wrath for a day of wrath. Some remedy must be found and this wrong must be righted if the foundations of our social order are to remain secure. General Harrison declared, in conclusion, that it was not within the purpose of his address to propose in detail the needed reforms in our tax laws. He did, however, suggest one drastic remedy. The State, he said, might declare and maintain an estoppel against the claim of any man or his heirs to property, the ownership of which had been disclaimed in the tax returns. This would be laying the axe at the foot of the tree with a vengeance, but who shall say that the action, on the whole, would not be right and just?

General Harrison has never been accused of being an alarmist or a demagogue. It is not strange, therefore, that his utterances on this subject have produced a deep and wide impression. It is to be hoped that they will do more than that; that his message of rebuke and warning will not only touch the consciences of the rich, but that it will have the more practical effect of setting our publicists, our students of economics, and our legislators at work devising some scheme of taxation that shall render these abuses less easy and less common in the future. The problem involved is of the most complicated and difficult character, and it demands for its proper solution the best thought of the best minds of our time.

## 'Leslie's Weekly' in the Field.

FROM all quarters LESLIE'S WEEKLY has been complimented by the public and the press for its enterprise in illustrating in the highest style of art, and with careful attention to the real situation, the most significant features of the Spanish and Cuban complication.

As it was first in the field with an expedition to Alaska, so LESLIE'S WEEKLY is first in the field of possible war operations. Our staff of artists assembled at Key West, with a fast yacht of the highest speed at their service, is in charge of Mr. F. C. Schell, the well-known illustrator of marine incidents, and our staff of writers is in charge of Mr. E. Emerson, Jr., whose excellent descriptive work is well known to the readers of this publication and of many prominent newspapers and magazines.

The readers of LESLIE'S may always rely upon the accuracy and truthfulness of our illustrations and descriptive reports from exciting centres of interest. In case of war they will be made the best and most complete, regardless of the enormous expense involved in keeping a staff of active workers "at the front."

In addition to the work performed by our own artists, we shall accept from contributors the best articles, illustrated or not illustrated, relating to the movements of our army and navy forces, and we invite all who have contributions of this kind to submit them to us. We will pay generous prices for anything that may be accepted. An unusual opportunity for professional and amateur writers and photographers, who happen to be in the vicinity of scenes of interest, is thus presented.

## Cuba's Reconcentrados.

EVER since the inhuman decree of Captain-General Weyler, surnamed "The Butcher," imposed the extreme penalty of death upon all those poor peasants of Cuba who might have the hardihood to continue to till their soil to produce bread, the lot of these wretched *pacíficos* or non-combatants, thus herded—or, to use the more high-flown Spanish word, *reconcentrated*—within the walls of a few fortified towns, where they had to remain, bereft of all means of subsistence, has been the acme of heartlessness and devilish cruelty. The awful sufferings of these poor people and the appalling death-roll, reaching as high a figure as 200,000 souls, have been sufficiently brought to the attention of our readers by Mr. Gilson Willets, our special correspondent in Cuba, so that it would serve no purpose but that of a renewal of sympathy, already aroused, to publish further details of these atrocities in this issue, beyond the heart-rending pictures presented in this issue of LESLIE'S WEEKLY.

The belated proposition to release the surviving *reconcentrados* of Cuba, before the entire agricultural population of the long-suffering island shall be wiped out by cruel persistence in this suicidal measure, may be regarded as no less characteristic of the Spanish character and Spanish methods of government than General Weyler's original decree enforcing reconcentration. Not the cries of her starving people nor the inevitable ruin of a garden spot, fitly praised as "The Pearl of the Antilles," moved Spain to relent in her barbarous warfare on helpless old men, women, and children, but only the consideration that such a diplomatic move might serve to obscure the clear right of a neighboring free people to arise in its might and put a stop to this last of Spain's iniquities, at one blow and forever.

## 'Maine' Disaster Pictures.

LESLIE'S WEEKLY has just printed, in book form, its *Maine* disaster pictures and a bird's-eye view of the Cuban situation, embracing thirty-two pages of super illustrations, referring to the loss of the *Maine* and the recent Spanish difficulty, including pictures of the American and Spanish navies, of the insurrection in Cuba, and other stirring events. The price of this

handsome publication is ten cents. It can be purchased of all dealers, or will be sent, postpaid, on receipt of its price, by the ARKELL PUBLISHING COMPANY, publishers of LESLIE'S WEEKLY, 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## The "Yankees" and the South.

HARD times test the quality and condition of a people better than prosperity, for they are pretty apt to bring things closer to a cash basis. The depression preceding the coming of the present administration illustrated this, and the fact that the South passed through the trying ordeal with an astonishing ability to pay its debts and to keep up its increasing business operations opened the eyes of the whole country.

It was proof positive that the South had recovered from the disasters of the land-boom era—which was almost a second Civil War in its cost—and had entered upon real and solid growth. There has never been any question about its unlimited resources; the only trouble in the past was that they were speculated upon instead of being legitimately developed. Building cities on paper and floating prosperity on bonds left a long memory of lost money and shattered confidence. But out of these bitter experiences good has come and there is another new South.

For all this large credit is due to the new generations of Southerners, who believe more in running factories than in running for office, and who prefer good money to notes and mortgages. They are the most numerous factors of the better order of things. But at the same time the fact is general from Mason and Dixon's Line to the gulf and the Rio Grande that the Yankee is welcomed and is at work in the South. He is building cotton-factories, putting up lumber-mills, utilizing water-power, erecting school-houses, academies, and public libraries, taking the lead in many industries, and making very handsome profits on all that he does. And the best sign of all is that the progressive Southerners and the enterprising Yankees are generally working together, and there are intermarriages and all the social blendings, which mean much.

Possibly our typical American is coming this way.

## The Plain Truth.

THE House of Representatives has lost no time in unanimously passing the bill for the relief of the survivors and the legal heirs of the victims of the *Maine* disaster. The bill reimburses the losses of the survivors to an amount not exceeding a year's sea pay, and grants a sum equal to a year's pay to the heirs of those who perished. This tribute to the men of the *Maine* is founded on a sense of justice and an admiration for true heroism. Those who lost their lives died in the service of their country no less truly than if they had fallen on the battlefield. Those who survived displayed a coolness and fortitude that did credit to the American name. Ours, at least, is not an ungrateful republic.

A further recognition of the educational merit of the picture puzzles, which continue to excite the interest of so many of the younger readers of *Judge* and *Demorest's Magazine*, has recently come from the postal authorities at Washington. Whereas the same authorities have gone to considerable pains in closing the mails to the greater number of the manifold puzzle schemes which have been launched in certain irresponsible publications for the sole purpose of fleecing the unwary, they were no less painstaking in their exemption of those publications, the puzzles of which have been universally recognized as distinct educational features stimulating the untrained mind to thought and research. Foremost among these stand *Judge* and *Demorest's Monthly Magazine*, as has been sufficiently attested by a host of letters from parents, teachers, and guardians, commending the contests, as well as the gratifying results accomplished by the publication of our puzzle pictures.

The public manner in which state secrets from Washington have been hawked around Wall Street during the war scare is little less than a national scandal, and the public appearance in Washington of brokers from Wall Street, who have heretofore been identified with notorious transactions in sugar trust and other stocks, has not served to allay suspicion regarding the direct connection which is said to exist between official circles at Washington and the stock exchange. There is no doubt that a great many members of Congress have been more interested in what they could make out of the war scare by operations in Wall Street than in their devotion to public duty. For years the speculative tendency has been developed among officials at Washington, and the discussions of the tariff, of the Venezuelan question, of the silver question, and now of the Spanish imbroglio, have afforded rare opportunities to certain public officials at Washington to speedily accumulate fortunes by gambling in stocks.

"Reform! reform! What crimes are committed in thy name!" One of the indicted reform officials of Brooklyn has pleaded guilty of fraud. He was an inspector named Milne, in the city works department during the reform administration of Mayor Wurster, under Theodore B. Willis, who is himself under two indictments. Milne confesses that he "O. K." fraudulent bills, but he says, in extenuation, that he did so while he was intoxicated. The advocates of good government who elected Mr. Wurster to the mayoralty of Brooklyn must be disgusted with the result of the recent developments before the grand jury. Of course the mayor was in no wise implicated in the crooked transactions of his subordinates, but the reform element will be blamed by politicians of both parties who take every occasion to sneer at reforms and reformers. If, as the result of these disclosures and of the confession of Milne, every guilty official, high and low, who has been implicated in the Brooklyn frauds is sent to prison, a wholesome lesson will be taught, and it will be a lesson not only to the politicians who take advantage of the reform element, but also to the reformers themselves who permit the politicians to exercise undue influence in the dispensation of patronage.

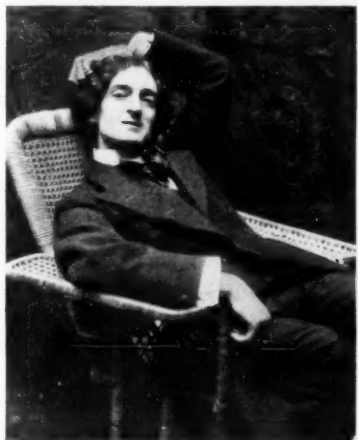


# PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT

—SENSATIONAL rumors concerning the health and fortunes of Elisha Gray, the well-known inventor, have recently gone the rounds of the press, calling forth no end of sympathetic inquiries from his many friends and admirers, who were led to believe that he was dying from want. We are enabled to give the lie to these reports by a personal letter from Professor Gray himself, in which he protests that he is in good health and is living amid comfortable circumstances. Professor Gray was last prominently before the world at the time of the world's fair, when he presided over the World's Congress of Electricians at Chicago, the most notable gathering of electrical scientists during this century. He was then at the pinnacle of a remarkable career, which began with his apprenticeship to a country blacksmith in Ohio at the age of fourteen and proceeded, through further apprenticeships as a carpenter and boat-builder and an incidental full college course at Oberlin, to a series of startling inventions embracing the type-writing telegraph, the telegraphic repeater, annunciator, and telegraphic switch, to culminate finally in his inventions of the telephone and the telautograph, a recently perfected device by which writing or pen-and-ink drawings can be instantly transmitted in *fac-simile* to the other end of a wire covering any distance. As may be seen from the accompanying illustration, Professor Gray has the appearance of the profound student that he is, though he has none of the eccentricities of manner generally attributed to inventors.

—Richard Le Gallienne—a French pseudonym in which the genders are oddly mixed—is an English decadent writer who is undergoing exploitation in New York as a *matinée* reader. Personally, he is a bizarre creature, and photographs well. He has written "The Quest of the Golden Girl" and "If I Were God." His metrical version of the "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam has not as yet superseded Fitzgerald's. A number of very superior persons, it is said, take Mr. Le Gallienne's literary pretensions seriously. They are more lenient than the brilliant critic of "Some Minor Poets," in the *Quarterly Review*, who says: "Mr. Le Gallienne apes Keats, and disgraces him by rant and frippery that befit a third-rate actor or a second-hand property-monger; his frenzies are those of a penny-reading reciter; he gushes over a picked blossom; he is a mass of sickly affectations. His erotics are the very worst, and that is saying a great deal."

—Governor Black did not forget the newspaper men of his own State in making his official appointments. His selection of the Hon. C. L. MacArthur, senior editor of the *Troy Budget*, as a delegate to represent this State in the National Fishery Congress, recently held at Tampa, Florida, was a well-deserved recognition of one of the veteran editors of the country. Colonel MacArthur was born in Claremont, New Hampshire, in 1824, and from his Scotch ancestors inherited that pertinacity and pluck which have given him fame and fortune. His first newspaper work was on the *Carthaginian*, at Carthage, New York. Subsequently he was connected with the *Detroit Free Press*, and afterwards was senior editor of the *Milwaukee Sentinel*. In 1846 he was city editor of the *New York Sun*, and subsequently was part owner, with the late John M. Francis, of the *Troy Budget*. He was active as a volunteer in the service of the government during the Civil War, and in 1864 established the first Sunday paper in Troy and the first in the State outside of New York City. In 1867 he re-established the *Troy Northern Budget* as a Sunday paper, and made that publication one of the most profitable of its kind in the State. His son, Colonel Arthur MacArthur, is now actively associated with him, and during recent years the management of the property has practically been left to this young and talented journalist. The senior MacArthur has been active in politics, has been frequently a delegate to State and national conventions, served in the State Senate from 1881 to 1883, and won prominence at once by his force and vigor in debate. Colonel MacArthur is prominent in Grand Army circles, and through his exertions Troy



RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.



HON. C. L. MAC ARTHUR.

has one of the finest and most costly soldiers' monuments in the country. Few journalists are more widely known, and few, at his time of life, are more actively engaged in the onerous duties of their profession, than Colonel MacArthur.

—Those who have felt the thrill that comes at the critical moment when fortunes are made and lost on the race-track can appreciate the skill with which James W. Johnson portrays the event. His picture of the celebrated finish of *Salvator* and *Tenny* was much admired last year, and has gained for Mr. Johnson the patronage of many well-known horsemen. This success, reached early in life and by a colored man largely self-taught, is remarkable. His studio in West Twenty-fifth Street, New York, contains pictures of the crack horses of the day, painted with wonderful fidelity to detail and natural expression. Of his *Salvator-Tenny* picture a critic says: "The extreme moment has arrived when the contest has resolved itself into an equine duel. Both are full of excitement. On they fly, while great clouds of dust roll up in the distance. There sits Garrison astride the *Pulsifer* horse, in the world-famous 'Snapper' pose from which he gained his sobriquet. And what a finish it is, too! Isaac Murphy, cool, calm, and with that stoical, sphinx-like self-assurance, holds *Salvator* steady while the blaze-faced beauty casts a sidelong glance at his enemy—meanwhile creeping up inch by inch. Tenny peeps out from beneath his blinkers (the mask of a rogue), with every muscle extended, striving for the mastery."

—Miss Catherine Dinsmore Smith is a Boston girl who recently made her debut as an opera soprano in Italy under the stage name of *Catrina Inganoff*, in the part of *Elvira* in "I Puritani," and scored a great success. Miss Smith will be three-and-twenty in May next. She was born in the Hub, and early evinced a desire to study music. When her teacher, Signor Ronconi, left Boston for Italy, a few years ago, Miss Smith, in company with her mother, went with him in order to pursue the course of study she had begun under his direction. Her voice is described as being a powerful dramatic soprano, and she prides herself on knowing her part in thirty grand operas. At her debut the Italian papers spoke highly of her as a singer. Miss Smith expects to return to America soon, where it is predicted by her friends that she will win high honors in the musical world.

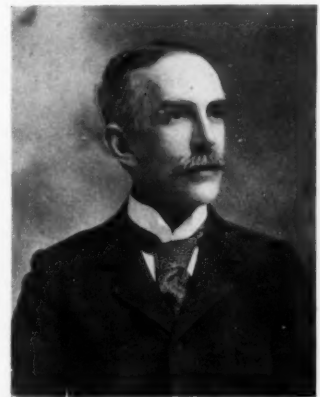


MISS CATHERINE DINSMORE SMITH.

—The glory of life is the transitory," is the motto placed by Mrs. D. L. Rhone on the title-page of her interesting novel, "Among the Dunes" (F. Tennyson Neely, publisher). This story is of the romantic-historical type, and depicts in dramatic style certain more or less transitory phases of life in Danish Jutland in the latter part of the last century. Mrs. Rhone has made a happy choice of scene, and with real imaginative skill transports her readers to the little seaport town of Updorf, on the west coast of Jutland—the same of which Hans Christian Andersen sang:

"Jutland! dear to Danish heart!  
With thy wooded lonely heights,  
Thy wild-wind West with sand-heaped hills  
That tower above in mountain flights,  
The Eastern sea and North sea stand  
And clasp their hands o'er Skagen's strand."

—William Hamilton Hayne is a Southern author who from the first has been well received in the North, personally and as a writer of verse. He inherits his gifts, and also his right to distinction, from his father, Paul Hamilton Hayne, the most dignified and important poet the South has yet produced, except Sidney Lanier, with whom he ranks. The present poet by the name of Hayne is still a very young man. He is just now working in the introspective vein, towards which most latter-day writers seem inclined; but his poems are always clear-cut, refined, and full of the subtle charm



WILLIAM HAMILTON HAYNE.

of genius, which cannot be said of the work of all introspective verse-makers. Mr. Hayne's first volume of poems, entitled "Sylvan Lyrics," was published by F. A. Stokes & Co. Mr. Hayne is a constant contributor to the best periodicals. Readers of current literature are familiar with his name. Mr. Hayne is the only son of the famous Southern poet, and, it is needless to say, he reveres his father's memory, from whose

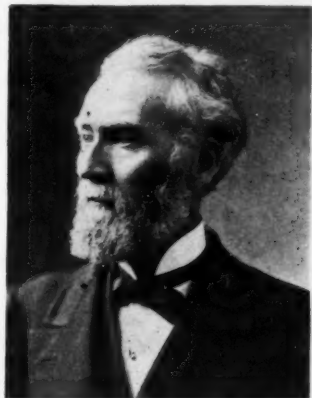
example and early training his first inspiration in art came. Their styles, however, are quite dissimilar. William Hamilton Hayne still owns the old family residence, "Copse Hill," near Augusta, Georgia, where he spends much of his time. The place is kept up very much as it was during his parent's lifetime, and his father's library, which is still intact, is constantly visited by admiring tourists, by whom the name of Hayne is venerated. The young poet makes semi-annual visits to New York, and has an interesting circle of literary friends here, by whom he is highly regarded as a man and as a *litterateur*.

—Mrs. M. S. Allen, of Worcester, Massachusetts, has beaten the 1896 bicycle record held by Mrs. A. E. Rinehart, of Denver, Colorado, having made last year 21,026 miles and 117 centuries. Mrs. Rinehart's 1896 record was 17,196 miles and 116 centuries. Out of the 365 days in the year 1897 Mrs. Allen was on her wheel 266. Mrs. Allen is planning for this year cycling feats that will outdo her remarkable record of last year, including a trip alone from Boston to Chicago and other Western cities. Mrs. Allen's longest day run last year was 153 miles from Worcester to Albany, New York, over difficult roads and steep grades, July 19th. Her banner month was October. October 28th was the only day she failed to ride, and only eight days did she fail to make a century run. One thousand seven hundred and forty-eight miles of her total mileage in 1897 were done on a tandem with her husband. Mrs. Allen's average riding for twenty-seven days in September was 105½ miles. Meeting an acquaintance on the boulevard one day, who desired a spin, Mrs. Allen turned off twenty-three miles in an hour. Mrs. Allen has been a devotee of the wheel for three years, and during that time she has traveled a distance of 35,098 miles as indicated by her cyclometer. With all this riding, Mrs. Allen has improved in health and gained in weight. Prior to this she had been in feeble health.



MRS. M. S. ALLEN.

—A unique affair was the recent jubilee dinner of the *Chicago Tribune* staff, held at the Auditorium Hotel. Two hundred and fifty employees and fourteen invited guests sat down to the table, at the head of which was Joseph Medill, the veteran editor of the *Tribune*, who, since the death of Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, is perhaps the most commanding figure in modern journalism. The *Chicago Tribune* has for many years been a power in the West and Northwest, and much of this is due to the strong personality of Mr. Medill. The first issue of the *Tribune* embraced 400 copies, and this was considered a large circulation at that time, as Chicago was a small but rapidly-growing community. The *Tribune* building was swept away by the great fire of 1871, and was replaced by another fine structure, which it still occupies. Mr. Medill has always pledged himself to independence, and has constantly reiterated his early declaration that his newspaper would be the organ of no man, clique, ring, or faction. When mistakes have been made they have been promptly and honestly acknowledged, but the *Tribune* has seldom made mistakes. A speaker and a writer on public questions, Mr. Medill has been one of the ablest public men not only of the West, but of the United States, and he has exerted an influence as wide and deep as that of any of his Eastern contemporaries.



MR. JOSEPH MEDILL.

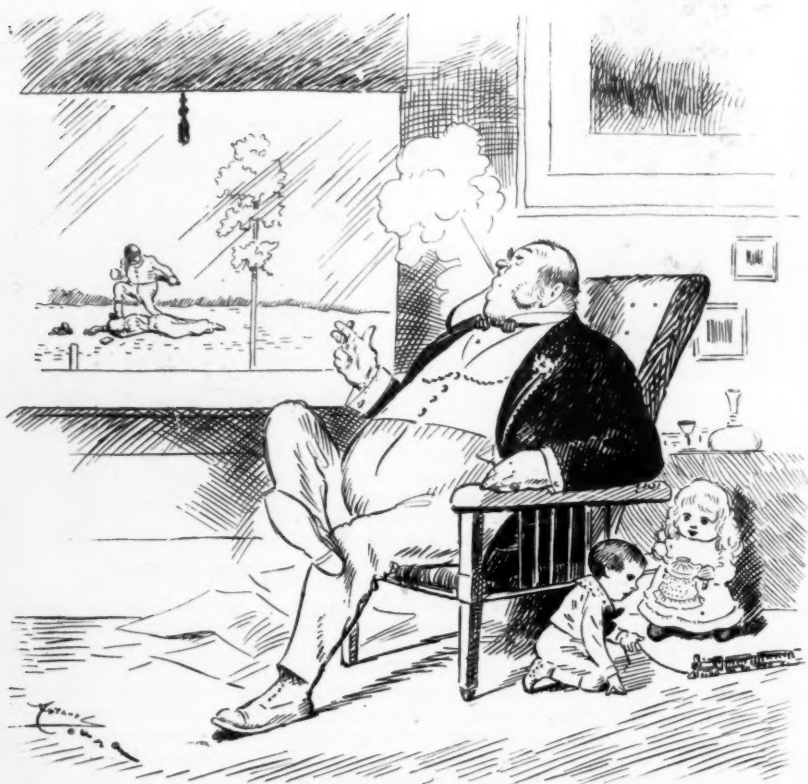
—The American Museum of Natural History is just now engaged in a great work, that of inerascably engraving upon the memory of man the various types of the North American Indian, which are divided, subdivided, and re-subdivided into innumerable groups, nations, tribes, and families.

Kaspar Mayer, a pupil of J. Q. Ward, has been engaged by the institution to do the work of sculpture, while, in the meantime, experts are scouring the utmost recesses of the continent for masks and types. There are several cases at the museum filled with the results of his labors, and the shelves in his work-room are loaded with uncompleted busts. Professor Franz Boas is now exploring Alaska and the entire North Pacific coast; Professor Seville is performing the same service in Mexico, Central and South America, and other noted archaeologists are devoting attention to other parts of the hemisphere. Mr. Mayer is twenty-five years old, a Bavarian, and a genius.



KASPAR MAYER.





I can sit in my comfortable parlor with my loved ones gathered about me, and through my plate-glass window see a fiend outraging a helpless woman near by, and I can legally say this is no affair of mine—it is not happening on my premises, and I can turn away and take my little ones in my arms, and, with the memory of their sainted mother in my heart, look up to the motto on the wall and read, "God bless our home." But if I do, I am a coward and a cur, unfit to live, and God knows, unfit to die. And yet I cannot save the woman without the exercise of force.—*From Senator Thurston's speech.*



I have endeavored to state, in not intemperate mood, what I saw and heard, and to make no argument thereon, but leave every one to draw his own conclusion. To me the strongest appeal is not the barbarity practiced by Weyler, nor the loss of the *Maine*, if our worst fears should prove true, terrible as are both of these incidents, but the spectacle of a million and a half people, the entire native population of Cuba, struggling for freedom and deliverance from the worst misgovernment of which I ever had knowledge.—*From Senator Proctor's speech.*



During the four hundred years of its rise and fall, its invariable record has been one of cruelty, of persecution, of bigotry, of hostility to every sentiment of human freedom, common justice, and enlightenment. The slavery to which it doomed its subjects in the Western Hemisphere was not more cruel than its oppression of Holland or its tyranny over its own people at home. The bigotry, the fanaticism, the intolerance and the gloomy superstition of its tone of mind is unrelieved by one single gleam of recognition of human rights, just as the disgraceful record of its decay and downfall is unrelieved by one single triumph of genius in statesmanship, or of prowess in battle against an armed enemy. One after another of Spain's possessions has fallen away, like bricks from a mouldering wall, until to-day Spain stands alone, bankrupt in resources, but still clinging to that policy of cruelty, of oppression, and extermination which has been her only known method of dealing for four hundred years, until finally forced to confront the republic of freedom, of equality, of justice, of humanity, of civilization.—*From Senator Gallinger's speech.*



There are those who say that the court does not fix the responsibility. It was not necessary; the "peace-at-any-price" man cannot escape so. The law fixes the responsibility. We were in Spanish waters and over Spanish soil. The harbor is owned and controlled by Spain. The explosives in that harbor were owned and controlled by Spain. If it was a torpedo, it was a Spanish torpedo; if it was a mine, it was a Spanish mine. No explosives have been on sale in Havana for over a year to private citizens; if it was gun-cotton, it was Spanish gun-cotton, and if it was dynamite, it was Spanish dynamite. The power to explode it was controlled by Spain. A government acts only through its agents and officers, as much as they control the discharge of their cannon. It was owned, located, and exploded by Spain, and Spain must answer.—*From Senator Mason's speech.*

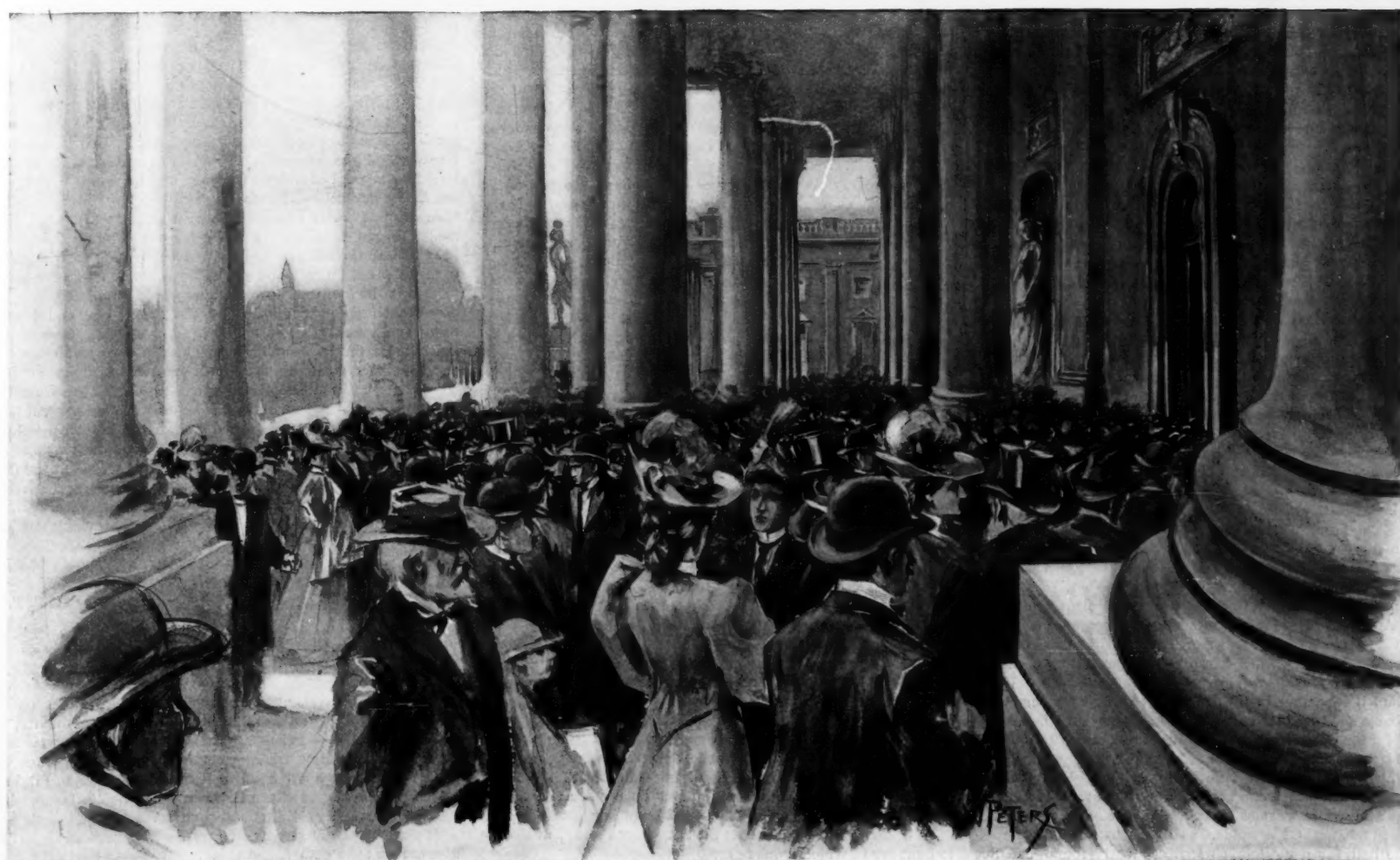
### NOTABLE WAR SPEECHES IN THE SENATE.

ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE WORD-PICTURES THAT AROUSED PUBLIC INDIGNATION THROUGHOUT THE CIVILIZED WORLD.





AN EXCITING SCENE IN THE HOUSE—TRYING TO GET THE SPEAKER'S EYE.



CROWD ANXIOUSLY WAITING TO SECURE ADMISSION TO THE HOUSE.

**THE WAR FEVER AT ITS HEIGHT.**

STIRRING SCENES AND INCIDENTS IN AND ABOUT THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES AT WASHINGTON.—[SEE PAGE 250.]





[These stories are entered in the competition for the prizes for the best commercial traveler's narratives. For terms of competition see editorial page.—ED. LESLIE'S WEEKLY.]

# COMMERCIAL TRAVELERS' STORIES

"Tom was her big brother, nearly twice my size, and he came only too quickly. She pointed at me, saying hysterically: 'Quick! Get that villain out of my sight. He has deceived us.' Whether he thought she had been quarreling with her lover, or whether he recognized me as an impostor at once, I did not know, but, without asking a question, he proceeded to obey her command. Beckoning me to follow, he opened the outer door. I had been advised in a recent letter from my firm to look out for a sudden rise in leather, with a corresponding advance in boots. I had not expected it quite so soon. As I stood on the top of the three steps that led to the ground, uncertain whether to offer an apology or not, I felt that elevation of sole that every true Bostonian is expected to feel at some period of his life, and an instant later I alighted in a heap on the ground, the door closing at the same time in a manner indicative of suppressed cuss words.

"I gathered myself together and wended my way toward the hotel. Entering the office, I saw that the night-clerk had taken the place of the day-clerk, the one whom I had met on registering, so, feeling a little sore in mind and body as well, I retired. The next morning I again postponed my interview with the clerk till I should return at noon. I started out with my samples to call on the trade, and ere noon was congratulating myself on the orders taken, when, as I entered a store a little off the main street, I saw quick glances exchanged between proprietor and clerk, followed by a short pantomime. The clerk returned with an officer, who surprised me by requesting my company to the police-station.

"Brought before the chief, I was requested to write my name on a slip of paper, which I did. As he compared it with a similar signature on the back of a check that he held in his hand his face lighted up with pleasure. I demanded the reason of my arrest. I was shown the check, and asked if I had ever seen it before. It was a check payable to Adam Smith, signed Arthur Brown (a leading merchant of the city), indorsed on the back Adam Smith, and which I could have sworn had been indorsed by myself. I returned it, saying that I had never seen it before. He told me that this and another similar one had been cashed by two store-keepers, one of whom was the man who had caused my arrest, who had recognized me at once when I entered his store, as had also his clerk.

"Locked up, I sat down on the edge of the narrow cot, with my head in my hands, trying to find some way to extricate myself from the unpleasant predicament. At first I thought I would wire the firm, but further consideration convinced me that of all things that was the worst to do. I finally decided that the best and first thing to do was to secure the services of a good lawyer to assist me, which I did.

"To him I stoutly protested my innocence. He told me that the parties who had been swindled had positively identified me, that the indorsement on the checks corresponded perfectly with my signature written in the presence of the chief, and that my clothing answered the description given. He assured me that he would make the best defense possible. I saw that he believed me guilty. Instead of striking Little Rock, I felt as if I had struck the side of a mountain.

"I asked my lawyer to keep as much out of the papers till the next day as would injure me with my customers. 'Now,' he said, 'if we could only establish an alibi (for I see no other way of clearing you, save insanity), we would be all right. Now, where were you,' he asked, 'at 7:30 o'clock last evening, and five minutes later, when these checks were passed?' About ten minutes before I met the young lady that I have referred to I looked at my watch, which showed just 7:30, so I told him I was taking a stroll at that time—taking a look at the town.

"'Alone?'

"'Yes.'

"'Could you suggest any one who could swear to meeting you at that time?'

"'No.'

"'Worse and worse. I think we will have to make the plea insanity.'

"There was now not a shadow of doubt in his mind of my guilt. I began to be almost persuaded of it myself.

"As he rose to leave he took out his watch, saying, 'It is now one o'clock, and I have another engagement at 1:15.' I had mechanically taken out my watch also to look at it.

"'What did you say the time was?' I observed. 'Your watch must be slow. It's now 1:15 by mine.'

"'No; you have Central time, while we are foggy here, and stick to local time. The hotels and railroads alone use Central time, which is fifteen minutes faster than ours.'

"Like a flash came the thought that there might be a chance for that alibi after all, for if my attorney meant that the checks had been passed at 7:30, local time, it must have been only 7:15 when I looked at my watch the evening before, instead of 7:30, which must have placed me, at the time they were passed, impersonating the other Smith, deceiving Annette, in the house on— But here was more trouble, for on my life I could not tell what street it was on, neither did I know her last name, nor did I believe that I could locate the house, even were I at liberty to hunt for it, which I was not.

"Begging him to wait a few minutes to enable me to think, came the thought that perhaps some persons there might be able to recall the time of my visit. On the other hand, would they be willing to, even if they could, assist one who, to put it mildly, had acted in such an ungentlemanly manner toward them. I felt willing to risk almost anything, so I told him the whole story. The only clew was the names Annette and Tom, but I

thought possibly the hotel clerk could help us out. A look of hope succeeded the one of doubt on the attorney's face. He asked a few questions and bade me be of good cheer until his return.

"In the course of two or three hours he returned with an affidavit from Tom Atherton, swearing that immediately on closing the door, after assisting me in clearing the front steps the previous night he had heard the parlor-clock strike the half hour of seven. Further identification was completed by his sister swearing to having noticed the loss of a portion of my little finger. The swindler had a full hand, it seemed. He had hard work to get the affidavits, and only succeeded after many entreaties and a promise that they would not have to go on the witness-stand.

"As soon as the necessary papers could be made out I was released on my own recognizance, and the next day the case, so far as I was concerned, was *not pros'd*, I think the lawyers call it. After duly thanking my benefactors, and apologizing, I took my departure. I even had to make my excuses to the firm for avoiding Fort Smith that trip. I secured the address of Annette Atherton's Smith, who proved to be a salesman for a leading dry-goods house of Chicago. By appointment I met him a few months later and was surprised at the close resemblance there was between us. How closely I resembled the other Smith—or, as we facetiously call him, changing the indefinite article 'a' to the definite, 'Thedam' Smith—I never knew, for we never met, although I have sought him long. I presume he is serving his country in some way—probably in some penal institution.

"Not long since I was present at the wedding of Chicago Smith to Annette, and be sure her wedding-present from me was a handsome one. It was a clock. Neither Annette nor her brother ever allude to my unfortunate introduction to them, but her sister Hallie, the one that I met at the gate, sometimes calls it to mind, when we are alone. For better identification I have adopted a son, and always sign my name now Adamson Smith. After what I have related concerning circumstantial evidence, and the danger of trusting to it solely, would any of you have voted for the conviction of the man whose trial you had under discussion not long since?" J. W. COLCORD.

## Appearances are Sometimes Misleading.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, February 27th.—Leaving Cincinnati one evening for Chicago with a fellow-drummer, I walked into the sleeping-car with a lighted cigar in my hand, intending to locate my berth and finish my cigar on the platform. I passed the only passenger in the car, in appearance the typical John Bull—very stout, a short neck, red face, and the whole surmounted with a gray Tam O'Shanter cap. You couldn't mistake him; he was the real thing from the "right little, tight little isle." All at once J. Bull yelled to the porter: "I don't want any smoking in this car."

"You mus'n smoke in heah, suh," said the porter to me.

"I am aware of that, my friend; that is the reason I am not smoking. My compliments to the English gentleman, and tell him I am carrying my cigar in my hand and am leaving the car immediately."

I wished to impress the "Englisher" that we knew how to do things over here, but, strange as it may seem, he was not impressed, and would not subside. "I detest the vile weed, and don't want it within a mile of me," said he. I rejoined my friend on the platform, related the occurrence to him, and suggested that we ought to do something to entertain the gentleman from England. We returned to the car and, sitting in my berth (the next to Jno. Bull's), I remarked that I had been very much annoyed by sleepers who snored, and, calling the porter, I exchanged the courtesies of "P. P. C. etiquette" with him, largely composed of cash on my part, and requested that, if any one in our car snored, he would wake him up and tell him to turn over. Shortly after we had all gone to bed the "Englisher" began to snore. I knew he would, from the size of his neck and the width of his vest. The porter woke him, much to his surprise. Again and again it was necessary to call his attention to the fact that he was in danger of strangulation. Oh, how beautifully and vigorously he did kick! I lay and thought how I could use it, had I that lovely and eloquent flow of language to use on the haughty hotel-clerk in my wanderings. At last the porter stuck his head into my berth and said: "Say, boss, if you heah him snore any mo' to-night you can wake him yourself. He didn't cuss none, but he used demos' pow'ful langwige I ever heah." As I thought the British lion's tail had been properly twisted, I went to sleep. The next morning my friend and I separated, he going to the same hotel as the Englishman. Meeting the former later in the day and inviting him to "take something" at the expense of the Union Jack, he stopped me with a pained look, and said: "Do you know that that was the Rev. Joseph Cook, the famous pulpit orator and lecturer, of Boston, you vented your Anglophobia on last night? No wonder he 'used langwige'; he knew how."

H. F. T.

## A Startling Question.

KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE, March 23d, 1898.—Incidents happen to us sometimes that make everlasting impressions on our minds. I remember, about fifteen years ago, I was making my first trip from L— to B—. The first twelve miles lay through a fairly open country, with an occasional store; my trade was good, and although the road was exceedingly rough, I did not mind it so much. But from there on we seemed to be traveling through a perfectly uninhabited country.

It was one of the gloomiest days I ever experienced; a fine, dismal rain fell steadily, and there was not a break in the dark, heavy clouds anywhere. We were wet, tired, hungry, and there was nothing to be seen but the laurels, ivy, thick, wet timber, and the bad road. Neither my driver nor myself had spoken for an hour. Neither of us had ever been over the road before, and we were indeed "strangers in a strange land." Our horses nearly worn out, night coming on, and a big mountain looming up in front of us. I had not heard from home and

## A Victim of Circumstantial Evidence.

WE were sitting, a party of six or eight of us commercial travelers, around the table in the reading-room at the Gibson House, in Cincinnati, one evening not long since, discussing a noted murder trial where the evidence had been wholly circumstantial. Ad Smith, a Boston shoe drummer, as the last one had given his opinion of the evidence, remarked: "Excuse me, gentlemen; were any of you ever placed under suspicion through mistaken identity?" No one could recall a case. "Well," said he, "I have, and I frankly confess that, had I been a member of that jury, I should have voted for acquittal. I feel that it is better to let two rogues escape than to convict one innocent man." He then told this story:

"I had come to Little Rock from Memphis on the day train. While waiting to register at the Capitol House the clerk looked up, saying: 'Why, hello! Smith; we didn't expect to see you back again so soon. I'll see that you have your room saved for you.' As soon as I had registered he called the bell-boy to show me to number fifteen. It proved to be a much better room than those assigned to commercial men usually.

"All this time I was wondering how that clerk knew me before registering. I concluded to say nothing further until ready to leave. This was where I made the first mistake, I guess. The more I thought of it the more I became convinced that I had been mistaken for some other one of the numerous Smith family. It was early in April, so, after supper, lighting a cigar, I took a stroll to see the town. A half-hour later, just as twilight was merging into darkness, I turned down one of the side-streets in the residential portion of the town. One of these houses was a typical old-fashioned Southern mansion. It set a short distance back from the street, in the middle of a beautiful garden. I scarcely noticed a young lady standing in the gateway of the path that led up to the house. As I was passing she exclaimed: 'Well, I never! Why, Adam Smith, what brought you back so soon? Is anything the matter? Before I realized it I was shaking hands with her. Here I was again being mistaken for some other Adam Smith, who seemed to be acquainted here, too.

"It was not only the name, but unquestionably there must be a close resemblance every other way. I wondered if it were raining Smiths in Arkansas. Instead of offering or seeking an explanation of the mistake, I concluded to take advantage of it a while. I told her that nothing had happened, but that I could not stay away any longer. That was true, too, for I should have arrived in the morning instead of in the afternoon, and had I done so I should not now be telling you this story. As I was a little slow in continuing the conversation for fear of making a bad break, she said: 'Well, Adam, something must be the matter, for I never saw you so dull in my life before. What are you standing there for? Aren't you coming into the house? Annette would die if she knew you had been stopping here so long talking to me, instead of coming to her.' I was getting along nicely, and in a fair way toward solving the mystery now. Annette! Here was the woman in the case. I had gone so far that pride kept me from retreating until I had seen the dénouement, let it be what it would, so signified my desire to enter the house.

"I had been seated in the drawing-room but a moment ere Annette opened the door and ran to meet me, both hands extended for me to grasp in mine, which I did, and with uplifted face as if expecting me forsooth to imprint a kiss upon her rosy lips, which I didn't, though nothing loath. My reception of her was so different from what she no doubt expected, and lacking at least in warmth, that she at once suspected something was wrong. Of a sudden, as if she had found a clew—and she had, for her Adam, as I subsequently found, had not lost a portion of the little finger of his right hand as I had—she quickly withdrew her hands and demanded who I was.

"'I? Why, I'm Adam Smith, at your service.'

"'Not of Chicago?' she coolly asked.

"'No; Boston,' I replied.

"She began to lose her firmness, and screamed: 'Tom! Tom! Come quick!'



loved ones for several days, and to say I was blue expresses it mildly.

We reached the foot of the mountain and began the weary ascent, with still no sign of a house anywhere; neither did we know when we would reach one. I began to consider seriously where I was going to spend the night. In fact, as we went on this thought excluded all others and kept recurring to me—"Where will I spend the night?" Finally I was very much relieved to see, a little distance ahead of us, a piece of board about fourteen inches square nailed to a tree beside the road. I thought it, of course, was a sign-board which would direct us to some place where we could stop for the night. As we drove up beside it and stopped I leaned anxiously forward to read the direction. What I read was this, in letters as plain as if written with fire: "Where will you spend eternity?"

My driver, who could not read, asked me: "What do it say, boss? How far is it?" I replied: "It don't say, Bob; go ahead." I did not feel that I cared to tell Bob what it did say, but the more momentous question put the other worry quite effectually out of my mind, and kept my thoughts occupied until we reached the top of the mountain, late in the night, and found a good stopping-place.

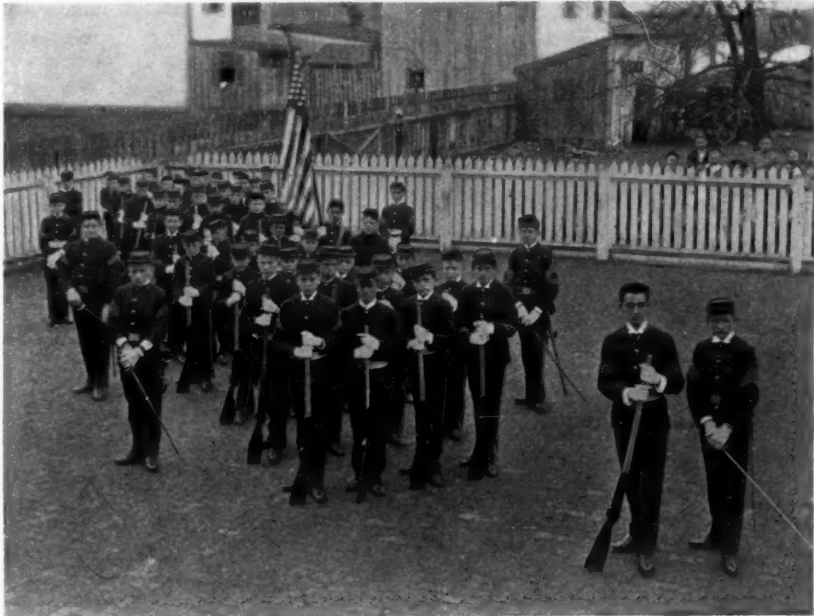
The next Saturday night I had gotten back to more familiar haunts, and was telling several of the boys sitting around the room in a hotel of my experience in going over the mountain. I noticed that one man whom I did not know was sitting back in a corner, but paid no particular attention to him. The next morning this stranger invited us all over to a near-by church, where he said he was going to hold services. We attended as he requested, and heard a rousing sermon. It affected me more than most sermons do, for the subject of it was, "Where will you spend eternity?"

W. C.

(Other stories in this competition are to appear.)

## School-boy Soldiers Ready for War.

THE Millington Cadets, of Baltimore, have the honor of being the first military organization of school-boys to offer their



THE FIRST SCHOOL-BOY CORPS TO OFFER ITS SERVICES TO THE GOVERNMENT.

services to the President to fight against Spain. The offer was made in the following resolution, which was sent to the White House:

We, the members of the Cadet Corps of School No. 11, Baltimore, believe that, although our ages exempt us from active military duty, we can be of service to our government. Therefore we pledge ourselves to be ready at any moment to avenge the murder of our countrymen and the insult to our flag. We know that our bodies are frail, but our hearts are stout and patriotic, our minds are as one, and, should war come, we would do our duty as becomes Americans. Our country has only to command us and we will obey.

The oldest of the sixty boys who form the battalion of young patriots is but eleven years of age. The cadets have been organized several months, and in their formation and drill follow strictly the army regulations. They go through various evolutions with the precision of veterans, and have performed a number of exhibition drills under command of officers of Fort McHenry and the Maryland National Guard. The boys know how to fire guns as well as many older soldiers, and the battalion is an indication of the feeling which can be aroused in the American school-boy for the old flag. The organization comprises two companies, and has been drilled by Captain Dudley P. Barnette, principal of the school, who is a Confederate veteran.

## The Flying Squadron's Commander.

TWO INCIDENTS WHICH DISCLOSE THE CHARACTER OF COMMODORE SCHLEY.

In creating a separate division of fast fighting-vessels of war, for rapid and extraordinary work in case of hostilities, the United States government has made a departure that is unique. The American flying squadron assembled at Hampton Roads, while not equaling in numbers an assemblage like the North Atlantic squadron, is nevertheless a formidable menace to any nation with whom the United States may see fit to engage in warfare. Composed of the fastest vessels in the navy, armed with rapid-fire guns of the heaviest calibre, it is ready at a moment's notice to sail secretly and rapidly for the purpose of bombarding a city of an enemy, stopping her coal or troop transports, destroying her small war flotillas, cutting off her cable communications with her foreign possessions, or, in defensive work, heading off any similar attempts upon the part of the enemy's navy.

To command a fleet composed and destined for such purposes there is required a man of unusual sagacity, diplomacy, and careful judgment, combined with an alertness equal to the speed of his vessels, and a nature as intrepid as a Foote's or Farragut's. Such a man President McKinley and the naval department has found in Winfield Scott Schley, now commodore commanding the American flying squadron.

A man of fifty-five years, with iron-gray hair, mustache and chin beard, tall, lithe, and active, with a grip like iron, a smile winning, but backed by a pair of eyes that, from beneath bushy eyebrows, can flash fire; a man who impresses you as superior the moment you see him; such a person is Commodore Schley. If his orders took him without the line of communication with his superiors for six months his government would have no fear of his treating the most difficult situation with a diplomacy that would forbid any disastrous results to the United States.

The government has not sent Schley upon this commission without complete knowledge of his splendid equipment. His record of thirty-eight years in the United States Navy is a glorious one, and he has figured prominently in every event of interest in which the navy has taken part during that period. An incident in his early career will the better establish in the public mind the decision of character that has marked his life. During the war of the Rebellion, Schley, then twenty-two years of age, was first lieutenant of the gun-boat *Winona*, in command of Captain Thornton. The boat was lying off Mobile, and every morning Thornton, who was a drinking man, would order the gun-boat run in behind Fort Morgan, at which she would fire a couple of shots, which, because of the distance, were always harmless. Invariably, during this proceeding, a couple of the *Winona's* men would be killed. Schley overheard the men in the boat complaining of this, and in an instant made up his mind to stop it. While he was thinking it over Thornton came on deck and said: "Lieutenant, make ready to run in."

Quick as a flash came the evidently mutinous reply: "I'll be damned if I will. It doesn't do any good, and I'm not going to sacrifice life for nothing."

"Afraid, are you?" sneered Thornton. "Well, we'll go in just the same, and you'll be court-martialed."

"No, you won't go in," answered Schley. Then, quickly: "Orderly, send the surgeon here."

The surgeon came, and the smooth-faced lieutenant said: "I want to know the condition of Captain Thornton, sir."

A brief examination, and the surgeon said: "He is intoxicated, sir."

"A file of marines!" called Schley. "Lock Captain Thornton in his cabin!" And for three days he was kept there, while the boat did not run in behind Fort Morgan. Thornton was tried by Farragut and stripped of his command, but after being reinstated, was first lieutenant on the *Kearsarge* when she whipped the *Alabama*, a glory which he would not have had if Schley had not forced an issue.

Commodore Schley will also be remembered as commandant of the *Baltimore*, when, in 1891, in the harbor of Valparaiso, in Chili, two of our seamen were

killed and many injured. It was there that Schley demonstrated his extraordinary diplomacy, for after investigating the matter he would have been justified in bombarding the town. The men had gone ashore with the full assurance of the Intendata of the province that they would be protected. Schley was surprised at night by the sudden visit of a friendly merchantman captain and several natives, who assured him in an excited way that his men were killed and that his duty was to bombard the town.

"Not much," answered Schley. "I'll think over matters and investigate." And then this remarkable man went to bed. Next morning he convened a court of inquiry, found that his men were not to blame, and then paid a visit to the Intendata. The old man, over eighty years of age, received him with trembling and asked him to be seated.

"No," said Schley; "this is not a sitting matter. I want my men released at once and put back on ship."

"You will have to see the judge," said the Intendata.

"No, I won't," roared Schley, while the old man crept in a corner. "You order those men released or you'll have trouble."

And released they were, while the government of Chili paid large indemnity for the offense and loss of life.

Commodore Schley commanded the battalion of sailors and marines that landed during the Korean trouble and cleaned out 7,000 natives in three days and captured 440 pieces of artillery. He also commanded the expedition which found and brought back Greely, the Arctic explorer, after several attempts had been made.

Altogether, the navy has no better man in its ranks to-day.

GEORGE EDWARD GRAHAM.

## A Load of Salt—for Cuba?

HOW A FAMOUS FILIBUSTER TOOK ON ITS CARGO.

AMONG the several small vessels whose filibustering expeditions to Cuba have occasioned this government so much annoyance and expense, few have been the subject of as much watchfulness, or kept customs-collectors awake at night as frequently, as the *Woodall*.

This trim little vessel has been intercepted and overhauled several times; her cargo and clearance papers were subjected to the severest scrutiny; and though government officials knew, by a sort of intuition acquired by customs officers (backed by

floating rumors) that the *Woodall* was not the innocent craft she pretended to be, nothing could ever be proved against her.

A story told by a machinist, anent an escapade of the *Woodall* at a time when her peculiar actions first attracted government attention, might throw considerable light upon a subject whose mystery has baffled the wit of many a clever official.

### THE MACHINIST'S STORY.

"I suppose you know all about the bayous and inlets running up from Vermilion Bay, not far from the salt-mines of southern Louisiana, where President Cleveland goes hunting?" began the machinist. "Well, I had been doing some work at the salt-mines, when word came that a vessel was down in the bay wanting all the men it could get, to load up."

"I went with some other men. A few were turned back, but most of us were put on to the job of loading sacks of salt on to the *Woodall*, which lay out in an arm of the bay as close to shore as she could get."

"It was common enough for boats to run up in the bays to take on salt or lumber, but what I thought queer was a lot of box-cars laying up in the woods on a temporary track. How they come there an' what they come for I wanted to know. It warn't so long till I did."

"We hustled that salt on board lively, I tell you. It was hard work, but good pay. Saturday the cap'n come along an' says: 'Boys, I got a job for you to do, an' every man that ain't willing to swear he'll keep his mouth shut can git.'"

"We all swore."

"See them box-cars?" he says, pointing to the track in the woods; "I want every last one o' them car-loads stowed in the *Woodall* before Monday morning. Kin you do it?"

"Of course we could."

"Well, sir, the first load we took out to the *Woodall* sure was a surprise. The *Woodall* had a false bottom as long an' near as wide as herself, laying up there ready for the cargo."

"Salt! Well, I should smile! Smelt mighty like powder, an' looked mighty like guns an' ammunition. We worked an' sweated all that night an' all day Sunday an' Sunday night. We was nigh dead for sleep, only snatching a minute's rest now an' then, an' goin' at it agin. We sprinkled the empty box-cars with salt, an', in fact, we wasted good salt promiscuous around there."

"Monday mornin', soon as they could git to us, down come the custom-house officers. Got wind about extry hands and rushed job, an' they was bound to find out the whole of it."

"Down in the bottom of the bay lay that cargo of powder an' lead, an' we was just loading the last few sacks of salt on to the *Woodall*."

"Steam was up an' everything ready for a start. The officers took a look at the empty cars an' then went on board an' overhauled the cargo. Nothin' but salt!"

"At last they went away, lookin' dissatisfied, an' one of 'em says to me: 'Looks like you fellows wasted a heap o' salt around here.'"

"Salt's cheap," says I.

"Twarn't no time before the *Woodall* had that false bottom up an' in tow down the bay."

"Where was she goin'?" Ask me somethin' I know."

M. W. MOUNT.

## Cupid Manacled.

(A STATUE.)

AYE! groan and weep,  
And writhe, and strive with all thy might,  
These bonds will keep  
Thy hands from mischief now—and right  
That so it be—thou traitor sprite.

No help appears.  
Thy winning, suppliant looks are vain:  
Think of the tears  
Wrung from our eyes—the rankling pain,  
The fever of the soul and brain.

From thy sure darts—  
Tipt with desire; while thou couldst see  
Our tortured hearts,  
And laugh in merriment—as we,  
Just retribution? laugh at thee.

EDWARD WILBUR MASON.

## The South and Americanism.

THAT the salvation of the United States from the political evils now menacing its future lies in the South is not an entirely new idea, but it received a new emphasis and deserved prominence in a speech made by Senator William Lindsay, of Kentucky, before the Southern Society in this city on Washington's birthday. "The people of the South," said the Senator, "are essentially American. They trace their genealogy through three, four, or five generations of American-born parents, and for that reason are under peculiar obligations to keep alive and to give strength and vigor to the spirit we inherited from our Revolutionary fathers, and upon the dominating influence of which depends the continued existence of our system of constitutional government."

There is truth in this utterance that the people of the East and the West will do well to consider. Aside from its participation in the Rebellion, it is to be remembered that no section of the country has produced so many statesmen, publicists, and orators who have brought glory and honor to the American name as that section lying south of Mason and Dixon's line. Here came the Huguenots, the best blood of France, and here the brave, hardy, and liberty-loving people who settled the mountain-lands and river-valleys of Tennessee and Kentucky—people whose descendants have remained close to the same soil to this day. For it must be remembered, also, that the Southern people, as a whole, represent what may be called the purest type of Americanism as it existed when the republic was founded.

The great streams of foreign immigration that have been flowing this way from all quarters of the globe during the past fifty years and more have scarcely touched the South. It is in this section more than anywhere else that the spirit of genuine patriotism such as that which found utterance in Patrick Henry and Henry Clay can be found to-day in its most untainted and unadulterated form. And in this spirit and by its presence and power the South will yet prove the strength and the hope of the republic.





ONE OF THE ATTENDANTS GIVING OUT FOOD-TICKETS TO THE STARVING RECONCENTRADOS.



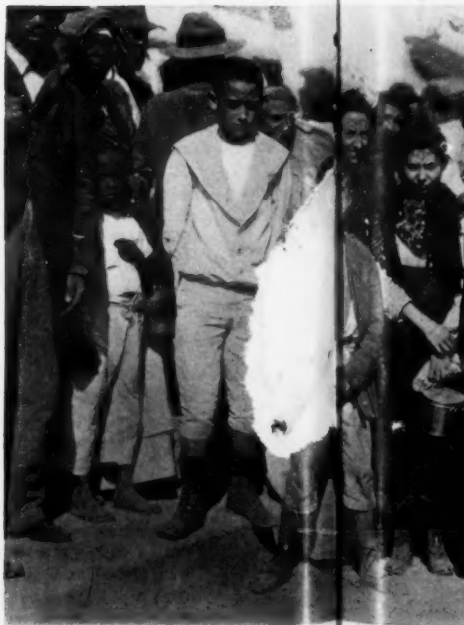
VERY DESTITUTE RECONCENTRADOS.



SPANISH WARFARE.



A WAGON-LOAD OF AMERICAN RELIEF SUPPLIES.



CHEERED BY THE RECONCENTRADOS.

## AMERICAN BENEVOLENCE AND SPAIN

HOW THE AMERICAN RELIEF SUPPLIES ARE BEING DISTRIBUTED TO THE 200,000 STARVING RECONCENTRADOS.





DESTITUTE RECONCENTRADOS WAITING ON SUNDAY AFTERNOON FOR SUPPLIES.



PICTURE DISCLOSING THE PINCHED FACES OF STARVING WOMEN AND CHILDREN AWAITING RELIEF ON THE STREETS OF HAVANA.



ROAD OF AMERICAN RELIEF SUPPLIES.



INTERIOR OF A SUPPLY-HOUSE WHERE SUPPLIES FROM AMERICA ARE DISTRIBUTED EVERY SUNDAY.



CHEERED BY THE HOPE OF FOOD.



ANXIOUSLY WAITING THEIR TURN.

AND SPANISH MALEVOLENCE.

1,000 STARVING RECONCENTRADOS IN CUBA.—PHOTOGRAPHS BY HEMMENT.—(SEE PAGE 242.)





WAITING IN LINE TO BE ADMITTED TO THE SENATE.

## War Excitement at Washington.

NEVER before, since the stirring events that preceded the outbreak of our Civil War, have the doings of the people's representatives at the capital of the nation been such an object of interest and solicitude as during the last few weeks. The eyes of the whole world for all this time have been fixed on the city of Washington, and news from it has been awaited with equal interest at the foreign bureaus of the great European Powers—at London, Berlin, St. Petersburg, and Paris—and by the all-powerful financiers who direct the destinies of nations at the great stock exchanges of London, Paris, and New York. Even the exciting game of international politics in the far East, that has been waging upon the chess-board of China ever since rash Emperor William made the opening move which put the game into play, has lost some of its absorbing interest since the Cuban question flared up in the harbor of Havana, on the ill-fated 15th day of February.

No wonder that every move of the President, every meeting

has kept absolutely silent. Yet Washington has ever been the key-note of the situation."

## A "Maine" Hero Laid at Rest.

LIEUTENANT FRIEND WILLIAM JENKINS BURIED IN THE CITY OF HIS NATIVITY—IMPRESSIVE DEMONSTRATIONS.

AMIDST the tolling of church bells, the firing of minute guns, and in the presence of vast crowds, the public funeral in honor of Lieutenant Friend William Jenkins, late of the ill-fated *Maine*, took place in the cities of Pittsburg and Allegheny, on March 30th. While to the latter city was accorded the privilege of keeping green the grave of the brave sailor, by virtue of the fact that in Allegheny he first saw the light, yet the city across the river shared the honors in an outpouring of patriotic citizens the like of which has not been witnessed before in western Pennsylvania for years.

From early morn, when the hermetically sealed casket

Pennsylvania, and four sections of Battery B followed. The Naval Reserves acted as an advance-guard for the caisson, which bore the remains. Heads were bared as the caisson passed along the densely packed streets of Pittsburg. Eyes grew dim with tears held in restraint; and the flag of Cuba Libre floated to the breeze from many house-tops.

Every independent military organization in the two cities took part in the parade, and as a fitting climax the members of the Grand Army took up the rear. The scenes at the church were exceedingly impressive. Rev. Robert Meach, rector of Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, officiated, assisted by Right Rev. Cortlandt Whitehead, bishop of the Pittsburg diocese. Crowds surged in respectful anxiety around the structure while the obsequies lasted. It was one of the largest church gatherings witnessed in Allegheny for several years, and was reminiscent of scenes during the Civil War.

To Mayor H. P. Ford, of Pittsburg, and Mayor Charles Geyer, of Allegheny, is due the main credit for the magnificent tribute the people paid to the memory of Lieutenant Jenkins. When news of the recovery of the body reached them the two mayors communicated with the mother of the lieutenant and his uncle, T. C. Jenkins. At first they were reluctant to have a public display, but they finally yielded to the general desire. In the evening a mass-meeting was held in the Carnegie Music Hall, Allegheny, for the purpose of arranging for the erection of a monument to Lieutenant Jenkins. The gathering partook of a national demonstration.

JULIUS MORITZEN.

## Life Insurance—Hints.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

"F. P. G.," of Leadville Colorado, who is insured in two Western assessment companies, which I do not think it necessary to name for the purposes of this reply, finds himself in a peculiar and embarrassing position. He is fifty-three years old, and he finds that his assessments in one of the two companies have been so greatly increased that they are oppressive. He asks if I would advise him to continue his policies, or whether he had better withdraw and get whatever he can for the amount of money he now spends on insurance, in a solid, old-line company. It is difficult for me to advise "F. P. G.," but if I were in his place I should fear that in the end, if I survived, I might get nothing but assessments, unless I made a change of base. I think it would add to his peace of mind and to his security as well, if he would put his money in one of the safe, old-line companies, such as I have heretofore mentioned in this article. He would get much less insurance, perhaps, but he would know just what he had. Obviously at present he does not know what he can rely upon.

"H.," of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, evidently has not been a steady reader of this column, for he asks me to advise him regarding his policy in the Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association, of New York. No particulars are given by "H.," and I imagine that he simply wants to know whether he had better continue his policy or not. The Mutual Reserve is now undergoing an examination by the State superintendent of insurance of New York, at the request of the company. So far as the examination has gone, I am told, on what I deem to be good authority, that the affairs of the association have been found to be in excellent condition, and its reserve intact. Under the circumstances, I would not advise "H." to make a change.

"J. F. D.," of Delaware, Ohio, says that for about fifteen years he has had a policy in the Covenant Mutual Life Association, of Galesburg, Illinois. It cost him \$15.12 per annum for a policy of \$1,250. He is now notified that his rates are to be advanced, and he incloses a copy of the notice he has received. He asks whether I would prefer an old-line company. I observe that the new rate which "J. F. D." is to pay is over \$25 per year. This is a pretty big jump, I should say—larger than I would feel like paying. In *LESLIE'S WEEKLY* of March 24th, in reply to another correspondent, whose rates had been increased twice, and who said he was promised another raise, I gave my opinion of the Covenant Mutual. It is classed by our State department as a co-operative or assessment company. Its contingent mortality liabilities are very heavy, and in 1896 it deducted over \$46,500 from its assets, because of depreciation. My own decided preference would be for a policy in the Mutual, the New York Life, or the Equitable, of this city. "J. F. D." also asks whether a policy would be paid if the holder were killed while in the service of the national guard. This, of course, depends upon the terms of the policy. Most of the great companies do not quibble over trifles. This will also be a reply to the inquiry of "J. J. L.," of Paterson, New Jersey, in reference to the Covenant Mutual.

"W. N. P.," of Salem, New York, asks regarding the Mutual Benefit Life Insurance Company, of Newark, New Jersey. This is an old company, which, during 1896, reported total receipts of over \$11,000,000, of which over \$7,000,000 was paid to its policyholders and \$1,706,000 was paid for miscellaneous expenses. It is not one of the very largest companies and does not do a very heavy business in New York State. It is a good company of its kind, however.

"J. M. T.," of Philadelphia, says that in 1887, at the age of forty-seven, he joined the Northwestern Masonic Aid Association, and received a certificate of membership of \$2,500, for which he paid a bi-monthly assessment of \$2.30. His assessments have steadily increased, and the one paid in December last had jumped up to \$19.13. When he complained he was offered a policy at a level premium. But, on examining this policy, he found a clause which gave the company the right to raise the assessment, although it apparently did not give this right. "J. M. T." then proposed to transfer his insurance business to the Metropolitan Life, in which he is offered a policy of



POLICE PREVENTING VISITORS FROM CROWDING THE STAIRWAYS OF THE CAPITOL ON THE HOUSE SIDE.

of his Cabinet, as well as every debate of Congress, since that day, has been watched with breathless interest by the thousands whose fate has so long been hanging in the balance. At the Capitol itself, and at the White House, naturally, all this interest has come to a focus, so that special measures have had to be taken to deal with the clamorous crowds that have daily sought admittance at the doors of an overworked President and an over-wrought Congress.

We present some striking illustrations of the most characteristic and telling scenes, in this issue, thus giving our readers a vivid impression of these stirring events. Curiously enough, these scenes have in no way been paralleled by any of the contemporary occurrences at Madrid. As an able foreign diplomat expressed it: "Madrid, in its weakness, has felt bound to communicate every move, or proposed move, to each and every foreign office of Europe, while Washington, on the other hand,

reached Pittsburg, to the closing rites when a few spadefuls of earth touched the stars and stripes entwining the coffin as it rested in the open grave in the Uniondale Cemetery, the twin cities showed profound sorrow, so profound that it was easy to notice the hearts and souls of the citizens were concerned. From the station the remains were escorted to the Allegheny post-office, where the body lay in state until noon. Thousands of people passed the bier. The interior of the building was handsomely decorated, and a model of the *Maine*, wrought in flowers, was a reminder to the spectators of the occasion that brought them there.

In the Allegheny County court-house the remains subsequently lay in state until the hour when the military-civic parade started. At 2:30 o'clock the cortege began moving to Christ Protestant Episcopal Church, preceded by mounted police. The Eighteenth and Fourteenth Regiments, National Guards, of

\$2,000, quarter, \$2,000 p \$2,500 p the chan stances, while I transfer could fin one of th "J. I in the "a twen of it, man sho policy is is sound any you safely p it is on those wh his own L." says policy, b ed. He of cours applican I would in the M principle cannot g "C. ment reg he has r at a pre a good i spoken o nual rep preferen existenc York Li "C. J. Life, of ment," a years on of \$2,000 in force \$300 to paid in right. I —i.e., hi tracted they wil that the matter ment in Life. M "L. S fifteen y pany, of gives me at his ag think of

WE I have be late. TI would b battle-sh are now picture connecti vessels, Alabam long, wi placeme ships wi seventeen above-w Unus ship Ove of Wash into the Key We Francis ing abou for a be ship of most fo Francis ment in from he gun rec a charg with a v 1,500 ya range, u has eigh turrets, war-ves screws c gon cos around most eff of trou The L cently a ferent c power. It is of



\$2,000, on the whole-life plan, at \$35.08 per quarter, so that he would be paying for a \$2,000 policy about what he paid before for a \$2,500 policy. "J. M. T." asks what I think of the change. I reply that, under all the circumstances, I think the change is warranted. But while I was making the change I should have transferred my policy to the largest company I could find. My preference would have been for one of the three great New York companies.

"J. L.," of Portland, Oregon, has a policy in the Mutual Life, of New York, known as "a twenty-year policy," and asks what I think of it, and whether I believe a young single man should take out life insurance. I think the policy is a good one, and I know the company is sound. Life insurance is a good thing for any young man. If he is "well off" it is money safely put away, and if he is not "well off" it is only a just and reasonable provision for those who may be dependent upon him, and for his own support in his declining years. "J. L." says that he proposes to take out another policy, but finds that his rate has been advanced. He asks the reason for this. The reason, of course, is the increase in age. The older the applicant, the higher the rate. "J. L." asks if I would advise him to take an additional policy in the Mutual Life, and I answer, yes, on the principle that when you have a good thing you cannot get too much of it.

"C. A. B.," of Philadelphia, asks my judgment regarding the Metropolitan Life, in which he has recently taken out a policy for \$1,000, at a premium of \$16.10 per annum. "C. A. B." asks if this is a good investment. I have on several occasions heretofore spoken of the Metropolitan Life and of the character of its annual reports. It is a good company in many respects, but my preference would be for one of the three greatest companies in existence, namely, the Mutual Life, the Equitable, or the New York Life.

"C. J. S.," of Brooklyn, holds a policy in the Metropolitan Life, of New York, known as a "twenty-year ordinary endowment," and which he understands, at the expiration of twenty years or upon his death within that period, will yield the sum of \$2,000 in cash. He also understands that if the policy is still in force after three years, upon its surrender sums varying from \$300 to \$1,900, depending upon the date of surrender, will be paid in cash. He wants to know if his "understanding" is right. I can only say that this depends upon what his contract—i.e., his policy—guarantees to do. If it is stipulated and contracted that these payments shall be made, I should say that they will be made. But if it simply says that it is "estimated" that these payments may be made, the future must decide the matter for him. "C. J. S." also asks if I consider an investment in this company as safe as one in the Equitable or Mutual Life. My preference would not be the Metropolitan.

"L. S. M.," of Dover, New Hampshire, asks my opinion of a fifteen-year endowment policy in the Phoenix Insurance Company, of Hartford. I infer from the particulars that "L. S. M." gives me in reference to his policy and the amount it costs him, at his age, that it is a good investment for him. I should not think of changing it.

### The Hermit.

#### Four Noted War-vessels.

WE print in this issue, pictures of four war-vessels, which have been more or less in the mind of the American public of late. The anxiety regarding our lack of modern naval vessels would be in great part allayed if the three new United States battle-ships, the *Alabama*, the *Illinois*, and the *Wisconsin*, which are now being built, were completed and ready for service. The picture of the *Alabama*, printed in this issue, on page 252, in connection with the pictures of three others of our modern war-vessels, represents the craft as completed and in service. The *Alabama* and its sister battle-ships will each be over 368 feet long, with a maximum draught of twenty-five feet, and a displacement of 11,525 tons. The armament of each of these battle-ships will include four 13-inch, fourteen 6-inch rapid-fire guns, seventeen 6-pounders, and six 1-pounders, and four broadside above-water torpedo-tubes.

Unusual interest accompanies the voyage of the great battle-ship *Oregon* from its station on the far-off northwestern coast of Washington, down the Pacific Ocean, and around the Horn into the Atlantic, to take its place with the assembled fleet at Key West. On this trip she made the run to Callao from San Francisco in fourteen days—a trip of over 4,000 miles, averaging about fourteen knots an hour—which is indeed remarkable for a battle-ship of her displacement. The *Oregon* is a sister ship of the *Indiana* and *Massachusetts*, the three being the most formidable vessels of our new navy. It was built in San Francisco in 1891, and is a heavy-weight fighter, with an armament including four 13-inch breech-loading rifles protruding from her barbette turrets, one forward and one aft. A 13-inch gun requires a projectile weighing 1,100 pounds, and, with a charge of powder weighing 550 pounds, sends the projectile with a velocity that will enable it to perforate, at a distance of 1,500 yards, more than two solid feet of steel. The gun has a range, at forty degrees' elevation, of ten miles. The *Oregon* has eight 8-inch breech-loading rifles in four smaller barbette turrets, and four 6-inch breech-loaders in broadsides. This great war-vessel is little less than an iron fortress propelled by twin screws operated by engines with 10,000 horse-power. The *Oregon* cost nearly \$3,200,000. It is no wonder that her journey around the Horn is observed with interest, for she will be a most effective reinforcement to our navy in the Atlantic in case of trouble.

The *New Orleans*, which is the new name given to our recently acquired Brazilian cruiser, the *Amazonas*, is a very different craft from the *Oregon*. Its engines have but 7,000 horse-power. It was built in England and is of recent construction. It is of the cruiser class, with a displacement of 3,600 tons and a



TURK—"SHAKE. YOU'VE BROKEN THE RECORD."

normal draught of sixteen feet. It corresponds closely to the *Cincinnati* type of our navy. The *New Orleans* is looked upon as one of the staunchest of our cruisers, and may be relied upon to give a good account of herself.

The latest additions to the navy of the United States include the two new torpedo-boats, the *Gwin* and *Talbot*, just completed by the Herreshoffs at Bristol, Rhode Island. The *Gwin*, at her recent trial trip, made an average of nearly twenty-one knots per hour, after it had been in the water only ten days. To accomplish this splendid result the *Gwin's* engines made an average of 430 revolutions per minute. The value of the *Gwin* is greatly enhanced by reason of the high rate of speed at which it can travel, and it is expected, when in service, to maintain fully twenty-one knots per hour. It is a trim little craft, small, but exceedingly useful in case of war.

#### Financial—The Cost of War.

[Inquirers who desire an immediate or personal response to their letters should inclose a two-cent stamp.]

THE most suggestive thing of late has been the conferences the President has held with the leaders of the House and the Senate, of both political parties. Some have thought that the President has been too conservative, but the same charge was made against Abraham Lincoln in the early days of the Civil War. Ultimately the nation saw that Lincoln acted with rare discretion and judgment, and that events shaped themselves as destiny had intended they should, and apparently without human intervention. No doubt President McKinley sees that events are working out their own solution of the Spanish problem, and he wishes to give these events sufficient time to disclose what must ultimately grow out of them.

He knows, as every thoughtful man must know, that war is a dreadful thing. Whether it will advance prices or depress prices on the stock market is a matter of little consequence. The stock market can take care of itself. But we know that war, like a plague or a great fire, earthquake, or other calamity, is destructive of property, and what is destroyed is forever lost. The enormous amount of money expended for powder, for equipments, for supplies, for guns, and battle-ships, is money that would not otherwise be expended. It is money that comes from the public treasury, and therefore comes from the people. Every lost battle-ship, every discharge of a fire-arm, means so much money lost, never to be recovered. To be sure, the money for the manufacture of these munitions of war, accoutrements, etc., will be spent, to a great extent, among our own people, but the expenditure will be limited to a few, while the money will be contributed by the many.

Those of us who remember the experiences of the Civil War vividly recall how destructive the war proved to the prosperity of the people, and how many years were required to recover from its devastation. In the South the recovery has not yet been complete, and the close of the century will find many bitter recollections still remaining in the hearts of those who have suffered without recompense, and in many instances suffered most unjustly.

A writer in the *Brooklyn Eagle*, who is probably no other than its experienced and astute editor, the Hon. St. Clair McKelway, calls the attention of the public to the "consequences to be looked at," in case of war. It is interesting to contemplate these consequences as the *Eagle* sees them. They include the possible annihilation of the armored contestants on both sides, in the first great naval battle; reverses at the onset to the forces of the United States, because of our new, undisciplined, and raw material; our ultimate victory, of course; and then a tax upon the resources of our financiers to meet the expenditures involved by war.

Direct taxation of all kinds most odious may have to be levied to meet increased expenses and augmented debt, and the most drastic economies, the *Eagle* says, would be enforced by public opinion. This might involve the practical abolition of the present pension system, with its annual expenditure of between \$150,000,000 and \$200,000,000. The expenditure for pensions, which is now about one-fifth of the aggregate annual expenditures of our government, would no doubt be assailed more bitterly if our debt were largely increased by war than it is assailed at present. When we remember that the money distributed in pensions is money distributed in all parts of the country and spent freely by the pensioners, we will appreciate

what it would mean to business interests to cancel this enormous annual distribution of public funds.

I must not be understood as being opposed to war, if necessary to maintain our national honor or to teach Spain a lesson in humanity and decency which it should long since have been taught. I only desire to call to the attention of investors and speculators the rugged facts of the situation from which there can be no escape. What war would mean to some of our stocks, at least, has already been shown by the considerable decline they have undergone. But at the present writing, great as the decline apparently has been, most stocks are still much higher than they were during the period following the panic of 1893.

"C.," of Honesdale, Pennsylvania, writes, inclosing two advertisements, one promising ten per cent. profits, and the other promising that a member of a metropolitan turf club will guarantee enormous returns on money sent him, to be invested with a syndicate. "C." asks if I consider that these offer safe investments. I reply that I certainly do not. The newspapers are filled with advertisements offering extraordinary inducements in order to obtain the money of speculative persons. Set it down as a rule that any proposition that offers an enormous profit involves enormous risk. There are at present in the vaults of our trust companies and banks hundreds of millions of dollars seeking investment at from two to four per cent. The sharpest financiers are the owners of these

millions, and they would pour them out like water if they could find a place where they could get a return not of ten or twenty-five per cent., as these sharpers promise, but of only five or six per cent. per annum.

"H. J. F.," of Boston, says: "I observe that you are in favor of the purchase of New York Metropolitan Traction stock, even at the present high figures. Can you tell me whether the earnings justify your opinion?" I reply that there are many careful financiers who believe that Metropolitan Traction stock, selling at this writing at about 138, will sell ultimately at 200. It has sold at 171 during the past few months. Its reports show that its receipts during the past January were nearly \$100,000 more than those of the preceding January, and that this increase has been maintained, month by month, thus far during the current year, so that the system will earn at least \$1,000,000 more in 1898 than it did in 1897. This means either an increase in the dividend, or the payment of a scrip dividend. Furthermore, it is more than probable that there will be an amalgamation or consolidation of all the local transit interests in New York, and Metropolitan will be greatly benefitted by such an arrangement.

"H. F.," of St. Louis, says that a friend in New York has advised him to buy Brooklyn Rapid Transit as an investment. He wants to know if I look upon it as purely a speculative stock. "Its price indicates that it is a speculation," "H. T." says. I reply that Brooklyn Rapid Transit at present figures is, in my judgment, a safe purchase, not as a speculation but as an investment. The increase in its earnings since it has run its cars across the bridge from Brooklyn into New York has been such as to justify a much larger rise than it has had, and if the local rapid transit systems are consolidated, Brooklyn Rapid Transit should sell at fifty, or higher.

JASPER.

#### A Magnificent Record.

FIFTY-SIX years ago—or, to be exact, April 12th, 1842—there was incorporated here in New York a company of which this city and this country may well be proud—the Mutual Life, of New York. Knowing its magnitude to-day, and having some appreciation of the scope of its labors, it is hard for us to realize from what a tiny seedling it sprang. It was the smallest of beginnings (no subscription whatever of cash capital), but the idea of true mutuality was held to firmly from the first, the strictest integrity was from the first allied to the ablest, soundest management, and the years have of necessity proved years of constant progress. Philanthropy and financial success have moved on hand in hand, each helping other, till to-day no company in the world is its equal.

What a contrast is presented by the first year's business when placed alongside of the report just issued. In 1843, 470 policies were issued, and the premium receipts were less than \$40,000. In 1897 the premium receipts were something over \$40,000,000, and 342,642 policies were in force January 1st, 1898, representing insurance (exclusive of annuities) for \$935,602,381. This is a vast sum of money to appear among liabilities, but it is rendered secure by a reserve of \$218,278,243, above which stands also a surplus of \$35,508,194.

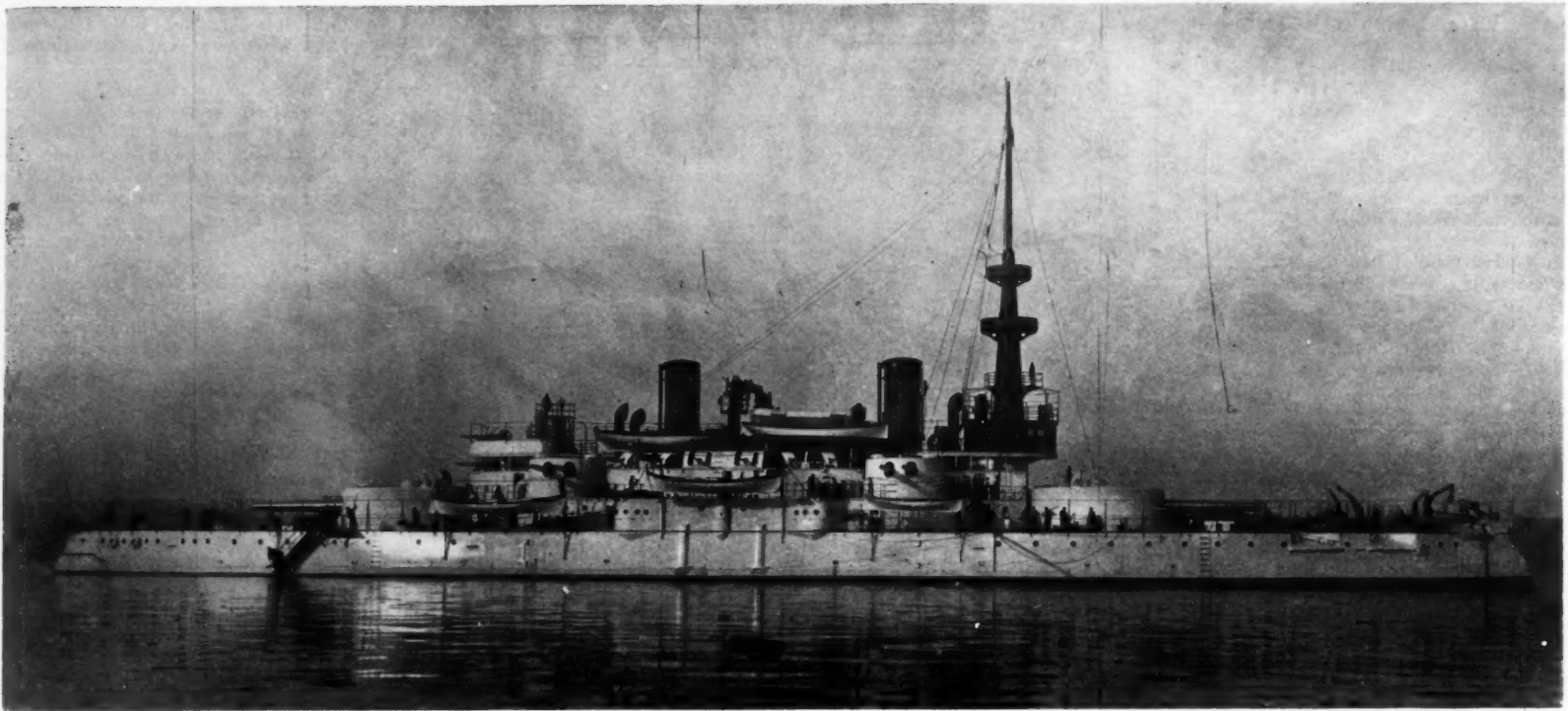
During the first two weeks of March (1898) this marvelous company paid 164 death-claims, amounting to \$553,444.00, and matured endowments to the sum of \$72,899.87—a daily average payment to beneficiaries or insured of \$52,195.33.

It is such figures as these that best tell the story of this grand old company's growth and present prominence. It is doing a noble work of colossal magnitude. Its future, judged from this present (even as one judges its brilliant present in the light of a stainless past), can only see an advance in beneficence commensurate with its honorable advance in all prosperity. To the company, to all the thousands who compose it—our truest, heartiest congratulations, on this, its fifty-sixth birthday.

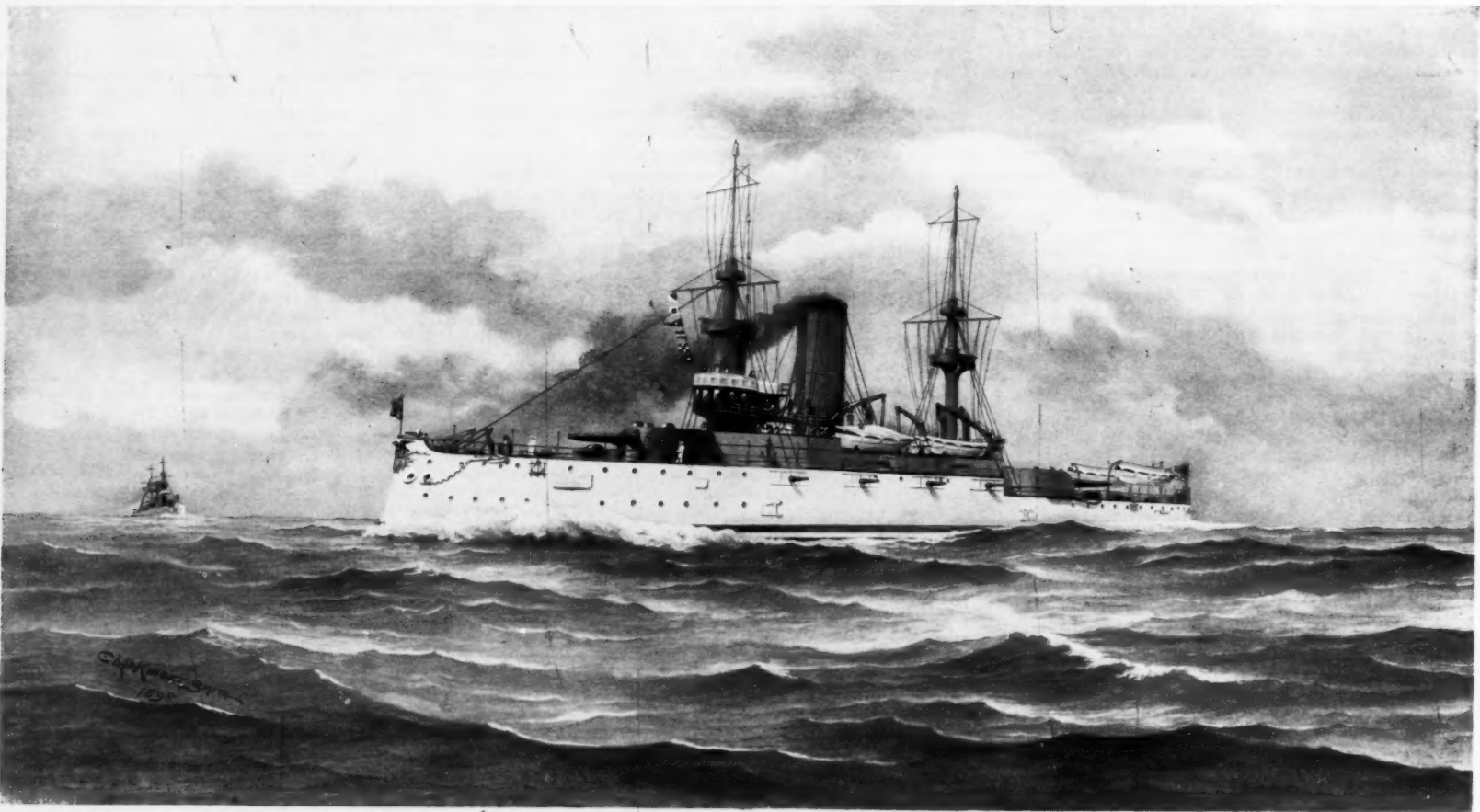
#### Good News for Asthmatics.

WE observe that the Kola plant, found on the Congo River, West Africa, is now in reach of sufferers from asthma. As before announced, this new discovery is a positive cure for asthma. You can make trial of the Kola Compound free, by addressing a postal card to the Kola Importing Company, 1164 Broadway, New York, who are sending out large trial cases free, by mail, to sufferers.

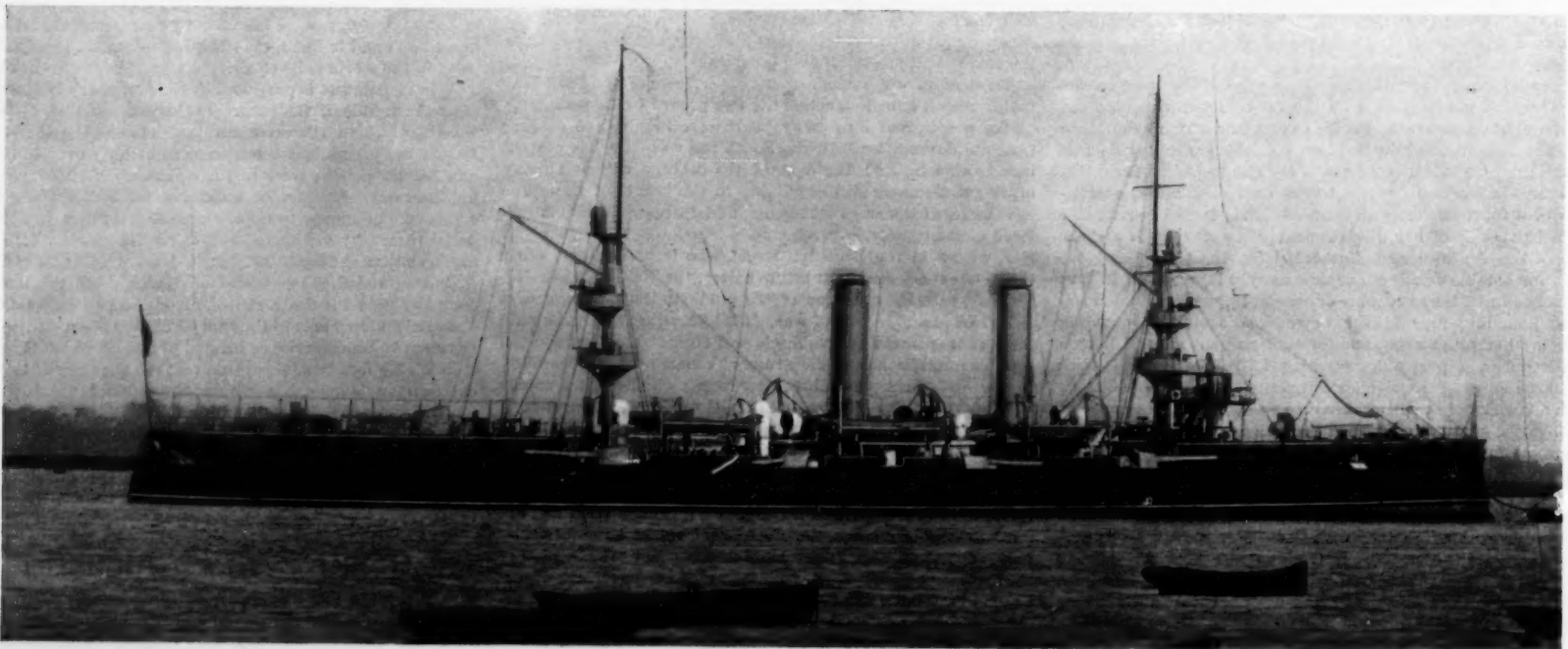




FIRST-CLASS BATTLE-SHIP "OREGON," NOW ON THE WAY FROM THE PACIFIC TO THE ATLANTIC, WHOSE ARRIVAL IS ANXIOUSLY AWAITED BY THE GOVERNMENT  
*Photograph by Curtis.*



THE NEW FIRST CLASS UNITED STATES BATTLE-SHIP "ALABAMA," NOW UNDER CONSTRUCTION, AS SHE WILL APPEAR UNDER WAY.



THE BATTLE-SHIP "NEW ORLEANS," RECENTLY PURCHASED BY THE UNITED STATES FROM BRAZIL, FORMERLY KNOWN AS THE "AMAZONAS."—*Photograph by Symonds.*

### MUCH-TALKED-ABOUT VESSELS OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

THE FORMIDABLE "ALABAMA," THE "OREGON," ON THE WAY FROM THE PACIFIC, AND OUR NEW PURCHASE FROM BRAZIL.—[SEE PAGE 251.]





"I want a good soap for washing the clothes. I find that our clothing wears out too fast, and I believe the damage is done in the laundry."

"Let us send you a box of Ivory Soap. We know it is pure, and will not injure anything. Many of our customers will not have any other for their laundry work."

The box was sent, and one more family uses no other. Try it for one week in your laundry, and ask your laundress what she thinks of it.

Copyright, 1896, by The Procter & Gamble Co., Cincinnati.

"It may be true what some men say.  
It maun be true what a' men say."  
**PUBLIC OPINION**  
endorses Sapolio.—  
It is a solid cake of scouring soap...

For many years SAPOLIO has stood as the finest and best article of this kind in the world. It knows no equal, and, although it costs a trifle more its durability makes it outlast two cakes of cheap makes. It is therefore the cheapest in the end. Any grocer will supply it at a reasonable price.

## WIESBADEN NEAR THE Rhine.

Exceptionally Favorable Climatic Conditions.

Open throughout the year: Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter Seasons.  
Celebrated Salt Baths, 55 Degrees Reaumur.

29 Bath-houses, with 1000 Bathing Cabinets, Shower and Needle Baths, etc.  
Over 100 favorite hotels, houses with furnished rooms, etc.

Cold-water cures, Electric, Pine-needles, Russian, Roman, Irish, Steam, Moor baths; also Air baths, Steam baths, and Medical baths of all kinds. Electrotherapy, Orthopedic, Movement cures, Massage institutions for the cure of nervous complaints. Morphine cures, etc. Celebrated Eye, Diet, Kneipp, Earth, Milk cures, etc. All Mineral waters, etc. Inhalation cures.

Covered halls, promenades. In Autumn, Grape cure. Celebrated specialists.  
Kur-house with Concert, Reading (over 300 periodicals), Conversation, Play, Dance, Restaurant halls, and beautiful Park. Three Concerts daily. Renowned special fêtes, such as Garden and Night, Fireworks, Racing, Regattas, Bails, Re-unions, Concerts, Artistic Coryphees, Lectures, etc. Lawn tennis, Bicycle Tracks, Picturesque views, Great Forests. Richly endowed Royal Theatre, Opera, Theatre first-class. Numerous private Theatres (Operettas, Specialties, etc.), Museum, Art Galleries, Permanent Expositions.

The best society, fashionable residences, comfortable dwellings, villas, flats, etc. Celebrated schools, (classical, boarding, music). Low tax rate. Centre for travelers.

Illustrated prospectus sent free on application to the manager of the Kur-Anstalt, Wiesbaden.

## The Wanamaker Store.

### Certain Prices on Silks and Other Things

We have a number of thousand yards of very pretty Foulard Silks, with an objection to them. That objection is that they are rather dark to be strictly in line with the Spring's best fancies. This, however, far from being an objection, may, to some people, prove a distinct recommendation. There are many who prefer the dark, rich, quiet silks to the brighter and "younger" patterns. To such people let us say that these silks are of an honest

60c. a yard Quality  
Selling for 30c. a yard

Samples will tell you if they're too dark. Goods are firm and solid, new, and 22 inches wide. There are nine patterns, mostly of cerise, greens and blues on black and dark blue grounds.

Cotton Dress Stuffs are selling almost as fast as they come in, and that is very fast indeed, for we have never bought so many as this year, and never had such pretty patterns to show. The "bigness" of our buying makes some very interesting "less prices." Here for example, in both cottons and woollens:

At 4c.—Percale finished Calicoes, in well covered grounds of pretty stripes and plaids, designed especially for shirt waists; 6c. quality.  
At 7c.—Printed Lawns, in about fifty choice floral and conventional figured designs, on tinted and white grounds; 10c. and 12½c. qualities.  
At 31c.—All-wool black Bunting, 38 in. wide; a quality made to retail at 40c.  
At 55c.—All-wool black Storm Serge, 50 in. wide; a quality made to sell at 75c.  
At 75c.—An all-wool imported Covert Cloth in pretty, choice mixtures, 46 in. wide. If imported to-day would have to retail at \$1.50 a yard.

37-inch Fancy Mixed Cheviots, at 25c.; instead of 37½c.

38-inch All-wool Dress Bunting, in cream, navy blue, and black, at 31c.; made to sell at 40c. a yard.

37-inch Covert Cloths, at 37½c.; made to sell at 65c. a yard.

40-inch Fancy Mixed Cheviots at 37½c., instead of 45c.

46-inch Diagonal Vigoreaux, at 50c.; imported to sell at 85c.

44-inch All-wool Grenadine, in navy blue and black, at 50c.; made to sell at \$1.

45-inch Two-toned Grenadine, at 50c.; imported to sell at 75c. a yard.

Whatever you want, send for it. If it's dry goods, we have it.

JOHN WANAMAKER  
Section 189 Broadway  
New York

(Please address exactly as above)

### THE MARVEX GLOVE.

This Glove, embodying the highest Art in Glove Making, is now on sale.

Messrs. TREFOUSSE & Co., Chaumont, France, recognized as the largest buyers of Real Kid Skins, and the most expert manufacturers of Fine Gloves in the world, are making this glove for the undersigned only. The Marvex will appeal at once to all who appreciate a superior and perfectly shaped glove.

B. Altman & Co.  
NEW YORK.

### THE CHRISTY SADDLE



Is ridden by over 5,000 American, Canadian, English, French and German physicians, and endorsed as the proper and correct anatomical saddle. All injurious effects avoided. All leading bicycle manufacturers furnish the Christy Saddle as a regular equipment or an option without additional charge at retail. Avoid cheap

imitations. Insist on the genuine Christy. Once a Christy rider, always a Christy advocate.

Christy Booklet mailed free.

New York A. G. SPALDING & BROS. Chicago



PATRONIZE AMERICAN INDUSTRIES  
WEAR KNOX'S HATS  
MADE BY AMERICAN LABOR

**A Bicycle Boot**

**VICI Leather Dressing**

Polishes leather and softens it. Gives it the lustre it had when it left the makers' hands. Good for any kind of leather, any kind of shoes. Sold by all dealers. Made by the makers of the famous Vici Kid.

An illustrated book of instruction—"How to buy and care for your Shoes," mailed free.

**ROBERT H. FOERDERER, Philadelphia.**

**NO-TO-BAC**

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. NO-TO-BAC removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood, makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket.

your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, \$1. usually cures; 3 boxes, \$5.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money.

**Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.**

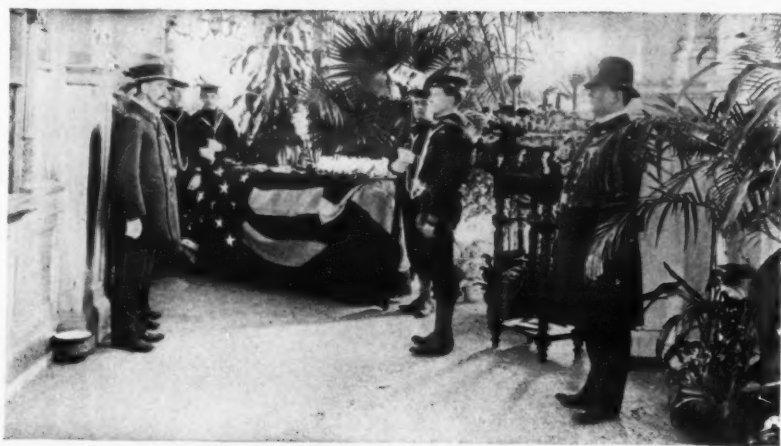
**ROMEIKE'S Press Cutting Bureau** will send you all newspaper clippings which may appear about you, your friends, or any subject on which you want to be "up to date." Every newspaper and periodical of importance in the United States and Europe is searched for your notices. **HENRY ROMEIKE, 30 Fifth Avenue, New York.**

**THE NORTH SHORE LIMITED:** Leaves New York at 10.00 every morning via New York Central. Arrives Chicago at 9.00 next morning via Michigan Central.





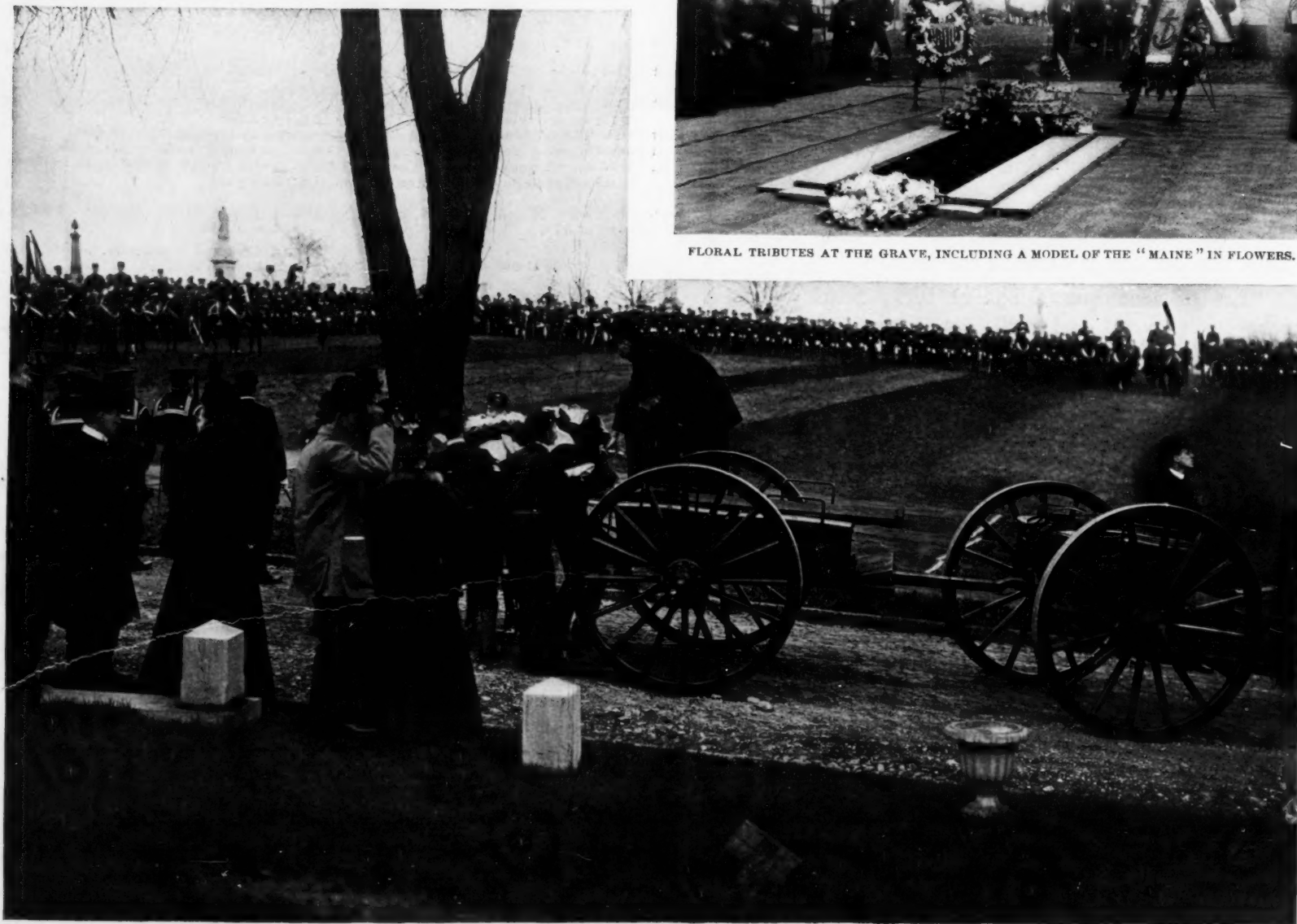
FUNERAL-PROCESSION ON FIFTH AVENUE, PITTSBURG.



BODY LYING IN STATE AT THE ALLEGHENY POST-OFFICE BEFORE THE CROWD WAS ADMITTED.

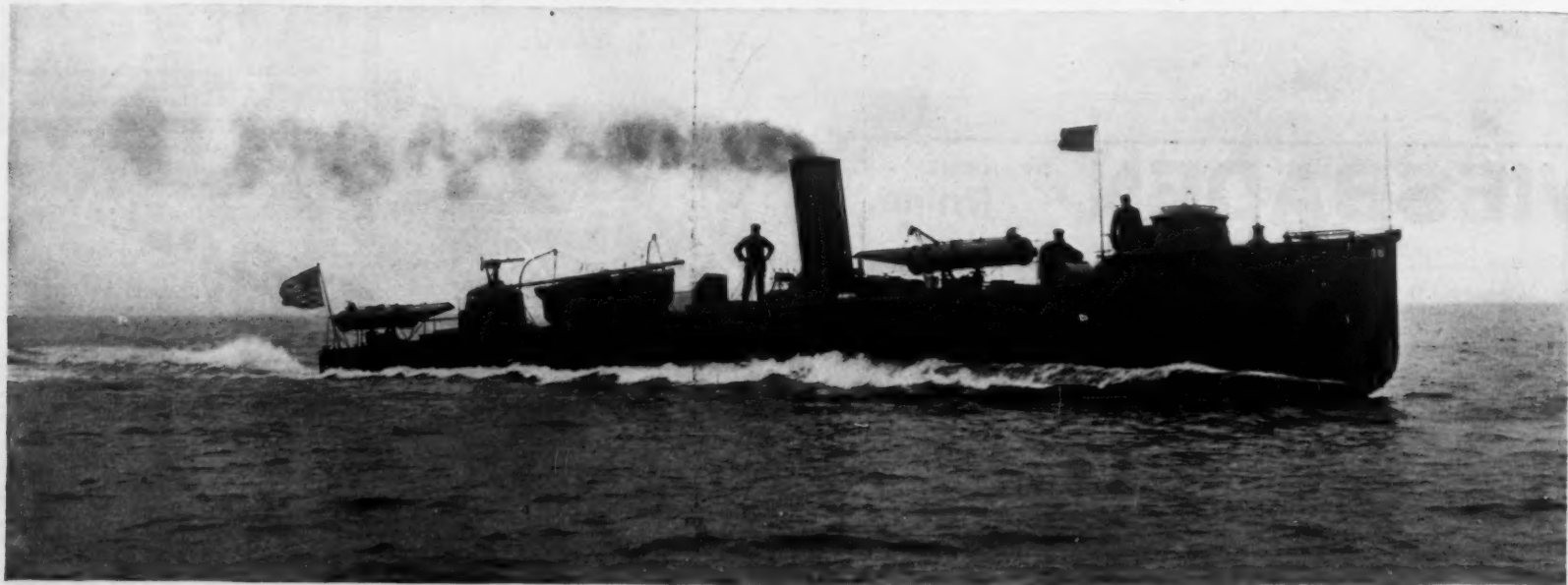


FLORAL TRIBUTES AT THE GRAVE, INCLUDING A MODEL OF THE "MAINE" IN FLOWERS.



LOWERING THE REMAINS INTO THE GRAVE AT UNIONDALE CEMETERY.

THE AMERICAN NATION DOES NOT FORGET THE HEROES OF THE "MAINE"—REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION BY THE PEOPLE OF PITTSBURG AND ALLEGHENY AT THE FUNERAL OF LIEUTENANT JENKINS.—[SEE PAGE 250.]



THE NEW UNITED STATES TORPEDO-BOAT "GWIN," JUST LAUNCHED WITH SISTER BOAT "TALBOT."  
 PHOTOGRAPH COPYRIGHTED, 1898, BY E. A. G. SMITH.—[SEE PAGE 251.]



# PROPOSALS FOR SUPPLIES FOR THE POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT AND POSTAL SERVICE.

POST OFFICE DEPARTMENT,  
WASHINGTON, D. C., April 2, 1898.  
Sealed proposals will be received at this Department until Thursday, May 5, 1898, at 2 o'clock p. m. for furnishing wrapping paper, wrapping paper for facing slips, twine, letter scales, postmarking and rating stamps, rubber stamps, canceling ink, pads, paper, rubber goods, pens, pen holders, pencils, ink, mucilage, glass goods, rulers, articles of steel, rubber erasers, books, typewriter supplies, and miscellaneous stationery, in such quantities of the different articles respectively, and at such times, and from time to time, as they may be ordered, during the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1898, and ending June 30, 1899, for the use of any branch of the departmental or postal service.

Blanks for proposals, with specifications giving detailed statements of the requirements to be met in respect to each article, and also the estimated quantities probably to be required of each, and giving full instructions as to the manner of bidding and the conditions to be observed by bidders, will be furnished on application to the Superintendent of the Division of Post Office Supplies, Post Office Department, Washington, D. C.

The Postmaster General reserves the right to reject any or all bids, to waive technical defects, and to accept any part of any bid and reject the other part.

JAMES A. GARY,  
Postmaster General.



Established in 1876.

## MAJOR'S CEMENT

PRICE, 15c. AND 25c. PER BOTTLE.

Specially prepared for household purposes. Mends anything that breaks. Tipping billiard-cues. Just the thing to fasten the end of a bandage; also to stick it to the skin to keep it in position.

MAJOR'S RUBBER CEMENT.

A wonderful sticker. No bicyclist should be without it. For repairing Rubber Boots, Shoes, Rubber Garments, Silk Umbrellas. 15 cents.

MAJOR'S LEATHER CEMENT.

Of surprising adhesive power. Boots and shoes and articles of Leather. 15 cents.  
At druggists' and house-furnishing stores, or by mail free of Postage. United States and Canadian postage-stamps taken.

BEWARE!!! Take no substitute.

MAJOR CEMENT CO., 461 Pearl Street  
Kerry Watson & Co., Montreal.

## When You Buy a Bicycle

patronize a bicycle dealer—one who has the facilities as well as the inclination to take care of his trade.



are not sold in department stores, and your neighbor can purchase a Crescent as cheap as you can, but no cheaper—at the CATALOGUE PRICE.

WESTERN WHEEL WORKS  
CHICAGO. Makers. NEW YORK.

## AGENTS WANTED

MURAT HALSTEAD'S GREAT CUBA BOOK.

All about Cuba; Spain; Maine Disaster; and War; great excitement; everyone buys it; one agent sold 57 in one day; another made \$13.00 in one hour. 60 pages; magnificent illustrations; photographs, etc.; low price; we guarantee the most liberal terms; freight paid; 20 days credit; outfit free; send 10 two-cent stamps to pay postage.

THE BIBLE HOUSE, 324 Dearborn St., CHICAGO.

It rests with you whether you continue the nerve-killing tobacco habit. **NO-TO-BAC** removes the desire for tobacco, without nervous distress, expels nicotine, purifies the blood, restores lost manhood. **NO-TO-BAC** makes you strong in health, nerve and pocket-book. **NO-TO-BAC** from your own druggist, who will vouch for us. Take it with a will, patiently, persistently. One box, \$1, usually cures; 3 boxes, \$3.50, guaranteed to cure, or we refund money. Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago, Montreal, New York.

## OUR EASTER BRIDES.

We read each year the same report,  
The growers' dreadful plight,  
And how the frost has ruined all  
The oranges in sight.

But though this happens every time  
The weather takes a drop,  
It never seems to harm at all  
Our orange-blossom crop.—Judge.

Use BROWN'S Camphorated Saponaceous DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. 25 cents a jar.

## ATLANTIC CITY VIA PHILADELPHIA AND READING ROUTE.

SEND a two-cent stamp to Edson J. Weeks, General Passenger Agent Philadelphia and Reading Railway, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and receive by return mail an illustrated booklet on Atlantic City, giving list of hotels and boarding-houses, as well as other information of value. Please note also that frequent fast trains equipped with Pullman parlor-cars and latest improved modern coaches run between Philadelphia and New York City via Philadelphia and Reading route.

## PHILADELPHIA AND READING ROUTE.

FREQUENT fast trains between Philadelphia and Atlantic City. Engines burn hard coal. No smoke. Double track, ballasted with anthracite cinders. No dust. Six (6) stations at Atlantic City, convenient for all. For leaflet, giving particulars of fastest regular train ever run, address Edson J. Weeks, General Passenger Agent, Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.

Your father made cocktails with Abbott's Angostura Bitters. You make them now. The Bitters are the same. Druggists. Grocers.

THE Sohmer Piano ranks among the best for excellence of tone, durability, and finish.

NOTHING contributes more towards a sound digestion than the use of Dr. Siegert's Angostura Bitters.

Advice to Mothers: Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING Syrup should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhea.

SUPERIOR to vaseline and cucumbers. Crème Simon, marvelous for the complexion and light cutaneous affections; it whitens, perfumes, fortifies the skin. J. Simon, 13 rue Grange Batelière, Paris. Park & Tilford, New York; druggists, perfumers, fancy-goods stores.

It's so easy to get a cake and try it. If you try it you'll use it, that is, if you care anything for clear, white, sweet skin, and a complexion of health.

**CONSTANTINE'S PINE TAR SOAP**  
(Persian Healing)

Sold by druggists.

THE CELEBRATED  
**SOHMER**  
HEADS THE LIST  
OF THE  
HIGHEST GRADE PIANOS.  
It is the favorite of the artists  
and the refined musical public.  
**SOHMER & CO.,**  
Piano Manufacturers  
New York Warerooms, **SOHMER BUILDING**  
FIFTH AVENUE, COR. 22D STREET.

LONDON (ENGLAND).  
THE LANGHAM, Portland Place. Unrivalled situation at top of Regent Street. A favorite hotel with Americans. Every modern improvement.

## MAGNIFICENT PICTURE IN 14 COLORS for 25c.



The largest steamship in the world is the new twin-screw express steamer of the North German Lloyd Line, "The Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse" ("William, the Great"). This magnificent vessel is nearly 656 feet long, and has a displacement of 20,000 tons. It is the greatest achievement of modern ship-building.

We have secured permission from the North German Lloyd Steamship Co. to make a chromo-lithograph in fourteen colors of this splendid vessel. This picture is 40 1/2 inches long and 21 1/2 inches wide, and is one of the largest chromo-lithographs of the kind ever made in this country.

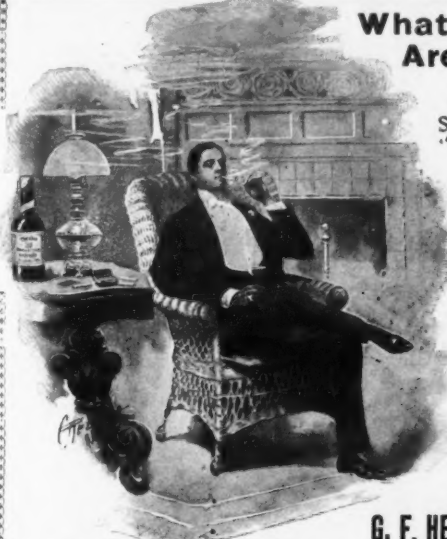
The steamship is shown as it is going up the magnificent harbor of New York, with the massive new edifices known as "skyscrapers" in the lower part of the city, in the background, constituting a picture well worthy of a place in any library.

It is in the highest style of the plate-printer's art, and is without question the most beautiful view of New York Harbor and its water life that has ever been published.

Cut out this advertisement, write your name and address plainly on these lines, and send it, with 25 Cents, to the publisher's address below.

ARKELL PUBLISHING CO., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

## What Are Club Cocktails?



"A MODERN ECSTASY" is a Shakespearean definition for a "Cocktail." "Kings it makes gods, and meaner creatures kings."

Wherever good livers are found, wherever conviviality exists, even to the most remote corners of the earth, the "CLUB COCKTAIL" reigns supreme as a fashionable drink.

The "CLUB COCKTAILS" never vary; they are always the same. The secret of their perfect blend is that they are kept six months before being drawn off and bottled.

"Cocktails" that are served over the bar do not contain these indispensable qualities.

Seven Varieties: Manhattan, Martini, Vermouth, Holland Gin, York, Tom Gin, Whisky.

For sale by all first-class dealers.

G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO., Sole Proprietors.  
Hartford, Conn. London.

Our Famous Train  
No. 1, Fast Express to  
Denver has been re-  
sumed and will daily

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Route**

**Lv CHICAGO 10.00 am**  
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SAME DAY.  
NEXT DAY.

SMITH & WESSON  
REVOLVERS.  
Good nerves and a  
good revolver make a good  
shot. We have the Revolver.  
Descriptive Catalogue.  
**SMITH & WESSON,**  
17 Stockbridge Street, SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THAT "the best is the cheapest" is being realized by the general public more and more every day. The trade-mark of the celebrated Boot Jack Plug Tobacco, made by John Finzer & Bros., is "Costliest because Best." But though "costly" it is also the "best," and is really the cheapest because of the lasting quality that is peculiar to this brand. Ask your tobacco-dealer for a sample plug and you will be a Boot-Jack chewer always.

Advertise in Leslie's.

**LIQUOR  
AND TOBACCO  
HABIT CURED  
BY HOME  
TREATMENT**

"BE A MAN"

Are you personally acquainted with some good fellow who would like to brace-up and stop drinking and "be a man?" The  
**BAILEY HOME CURE**  
will positively drive away all craving for liquor and tobacco. It restores the nerves and gives new strength. This cure is a blessing to those who cannot resist the temptation.  
Write for particulars, enclosing stamp.  
THE BAILEY REMEDY CO., 72 Globe Bldg., Boston.

The **RACYCLE**  
NARROW-TREAD  
THE ONLY FACTORY MAKING BOTH  
RACYCLES & BICYCLES

ALL  
PRICES  
FROM  
\$35 TO \$80

AGENTS  
WANTED  
EVERYWHERE

**MIAMI CYCLE & MFG. CO.**  
MIDDLETOWN, O.





THE AMERICAN EAGLE AS HE APPEARED WHEN HE HEARD OF THE SPANISH INSULT.

1898  
"19 YEAR OLD"

# Rambler

BICYCLES

**\$60**  
The highest high grade  
price that's fair

have more noted improvements than  
any other make of wheel.

People of refinement will appreciate in the  
Rambler its "NAME, QUALITY, PRICE."

Rambler Agents everywhere invite inspection of  
new models: ASK ESPECIALLY TO  
SEE THE RAMBLER GEAR CASE  
—"inclosed chain model."

GORMULLY & JEFFERY MFG. CO.  
Chicago, Boston, Washington,  
New York, Brooklyn, Detroit,  
Cincinnati, Buffalo, Cleveland, London.

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Carpets, Upholstery.  
Country House Furnishings.  
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Cures Indigestion and Sea-sickness.  
All Others Are Imitations.

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OR  
LITTLE  
CIGARS.  
ALL IMPORTED  
TOBACCO.  
HIGHEST IN PRICE,  
FINEST IN QUALITY.

25c. a Bundle,  
10 in Bundle.

Free Package in Pouch by mail for 25c.  
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THE AMERICAN TOBACCO CO., Successor.

**URBANA  
WINE COMPANY**  
**Gold-Seal  
Champagne**

For Sale by  
all leading Wine Dealers  
and Grocers.

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URBANA, N. Y.

Do not let the clerk sell you  
any other camera under the  
name of "Kodak."

There is no  
**Kodak**  
but the Eastman Kodak.  
**\$5.00 to \$25.00.**

Catalogues free at Kodak agencies or by mail.  
**EASTMAN KODAK CO.**  
Rochester, N. Y.

All the skill, knowledge and re-  
sources of our great factories are  
this year concentrated into mak-  
ing one matchless model—the

# Waverley

**Bicycle \$50**

It is well worth your while to  
study the Waverley Catalogue.

INDIANA BICYCLE COMPANY  
Indianapolis, Ind.

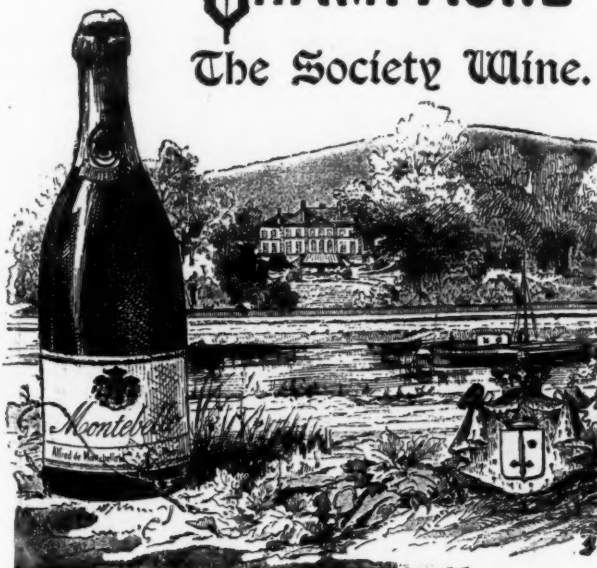
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LINEN  
COLLARS & CUFFS**  
BEST IN THE WORLD

"Sunshine bottled in France and opened here."

# "Montebello"

## CHAMPAGNE

The Society Wine.



Perfectly dry, but not acid. Naturally fruity, but not  
charged with brandy.

**ALFRED DE MONTEBELLO & CO.,**  
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LEON RENAULT, MANAGER.

TELEPHONE, 1579 BROAD.

**COINING MONEY!**

That's what  
Agents for...

**\$50 Stearns' \$50**  
**\$75 Bicycles \$75**

will be doing this season.

We can't tell you about our offer in  
this brief space. Write for our terms  
and discounts.

Send two 2-cent stamps for this beautiful  
Greek ten-drachm piece, mentioning "Leah's Weekly."

**E. C. STEARNS & CO. SYRACUSE, N. Y.**

HEALTH AND BEAUTY.

# Cascarets

CANDY CATHARTIC.

REGULATE  
THE LIVER

10c 25c 50c  
ALL DRUGGISTS.

**SEN-SEN** EASE  
THROAT BREATH  
PERFUME

ALL DEALERS  
SENT ON RECEIPT SEN-SEN CO.  
OF 5 IN STAMPS DEPT. J. ROCHESTER, N.Y.

SEN-SEN  
THROAT  
EASE  
BREATH  
PERFUME

SEN-SEN  
THROAT  
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